

POEMS  
OF  
FANCY AND IMAGINATION



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. .... Copyright No. ....

Shelf .....

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



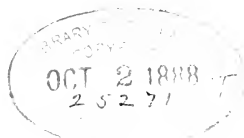






POEMS  
OF  
FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

BY  
✓  
JOHN T. BOYLE.  
" "



PRESS OF J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,  
PHILADELPHIA.  
1888.

Copyright, 1888, by JOHN T. BOYLE.

---





# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FAIRY-LAND . . . . .	5
MY PALACE IN THE AIR . . . . .	39
TO FLORA'S VOICE . . . . .	49
THE WARNING . . . . .	54
LEGEND OF THE CROWN . . . . .	58
STORY OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT . . . . .	69
BALLAD OF COLIN CLOVER . . . . .	77
LOVE IN A PALACE . . . . .	89
THE ENCHANTERS; OR, THE DANCE OF DEATH . . . . .	103
ALLIEGUNDABAGO: . . . . .	119
Episode No. 1. The Mastodon . . . . .	126
Episode No. 2. Off Cape Cod . . . . .	135
Episode No. 3. A dream he dreamed . . . . .	142
SUICIDE.—A VISION . . . . .	151



## FAIRY-LAND.

I DO not know, nor do I care,  
When it was, or how, or where  
I gained the heart of fairy-land :  
All I know and all I care—

As celestial memory

Of a rosy revery

With gladd'ning song returns to me—  
Is to feel that I was there !

There to see its charming sights ;

There to taste its sweet delights ;

There to revel in its blisses ;

There to feast me with its kisses ;

There to air my fretted mind

In its healing, balmy wind ;

And there to let my fancy play

In childhood's golden holiday.

Oh, 'twas ravishingly rare

All the wonder I saw there !

Cloudless skies and healthful air ;

Flow'ry meads and leafy alleys ;

Sunny slopes and verdant valleys ;

Mountains rich in endless stores  
Of rarest gems and priceless ores ;  
Glitt'ring fountains, rainbow sprayed ;  
Gay parterres in bloom arrayed ;  
Odorous prairies all berivered ;  
Isle-filled lakelets breeze beshivered ;  
Babbling waterfalls and fells  
Hid in consecrated dells ;  
Grottos scintillant with gems,—  
Earthly stars of Bethlehems ;  
Caves of mystic mysteries  
Which no vulgar eye e'er sees ;  
Balm-trees ever blossoming  
In a summer-tempered spring ;  
Others, from whose boughs ; distended,  
Luscious tempting fruits suspended ;  
Blissful views of Arcady ;  
Glimpses of Utopia's sea ;  
Regal Fancy's broad demesne,  
Ruled by dainty fairy queen ;  
Where blithe music, song, and dance  
Filled the breezes with romance,  
And dissolved each earthly care—  
Care and sorrow—into air.

When into the land I chanced,  
I was greeted by a Fay,

Gloriously countenanced,  
With an eye as bright as day,  
Whose drapery of dazzling light  
All bewildered my dazed sight,  
Till her magic arts supplied  
Dull earth's defects, when, spirit-eyed,  
I each fairy-scene descried.

Then, with gracious courtesies,  
Through an atmosphere of balm,  
Led she me by whispering trees  
To where an Oriental calm  
Echoed with the harmonies  
Of fair Nature's minstrelsies.  
Soon we came unto a dell  
Nestled in a sunny vale,  
Pranked with fern and pimpernel,  
Daffodil, and lilies pale,  
And besprent with eglantines,  
Roses red, and columbines,  
Lovingly caressed and kissed  
By primrose and by amethyst;  
All entangled tenderly  
With clinging vines, which slenderly  
Crept from laurel-shaded plots  
Of pansies and forget-me-nots,

And with coyish dalliance wound  
Their slender tendrils them around.

There, in a sequestered spot  
Of transporting greenery,  
Close beside a spangled grot  
Fringed with rarest scenery,  
Near an agate-pebbled fountain  
Gurgling from o'erhanging mountain,  
By a sombre forest, hoary  
With romance and magic story,  
Where the tuneful warblers shed  
Their rapturous ecstasies o'erhead,  
And the insects' soothing croon  
Lulled the drowsy airs to sleep,  
Or impelled, with tranceful rune,  
Zephyr in his bed to creep,  
Saw I, turning suddenly  
By gnarled trunk of giant tree,  
Nebulous and visionary,  
All the world of myth and fairy,—  
Elf and nymph, and sportive fay,  
Gnome, and genius, all were there;  
Goblin, sprite, and kelpie gay,—  
Born of water, earth, and air,—  
A countless train, a motley throng,  
Floating on the breath of song,

Or, with gleesome mimeries,  
Sporting in the dusk of trees,  
Like hashished thoughts in reveries ;  
Or, in mirthful jollities,  
Dancing with bacchantic glee  
Through the bowers of Revelry ;  
Or in fountains glittering  
Fluttering with glossy wing ;  
Or in wild absurdities  
Venting their frivolities ;  
Or by nest of cooing dove  
Tasting of the sweets of love ;  
While, unconscious, others dreamed  
    'Mid the poppies' gorgeous bloom,  
Or like starry glories streamed  
    From acacia's soft perfume.

Habited were some in light  
Too intense for mortal sight ;  
The effulgence of the sun  
Was darkness in comparison.  
Robed were others in the gray  
Tissues of the garish day ;  
Or sarcenet of heaven's blue,  
Edged with rarest flowers' hue.  
Some were draped in noontide's shimmer,  
And the pallid morn-star's glimmer ;

Or were daintily arrayed  
In gossamer of dappled shade ;  
Or in mellow-tinted beams  
Angel-worked with gold of dreams ;  
Or in rainbow's changeful hues,  
    Sun-thread blazed in fiery splendor,  
By the nimble-witted Muse.

    With conceits grotesque and tender  
In transparentness of waves,  
    Or the flash of ruby cluster ;  
Or imp-woven dusk of caves  
    Glossed with polished metal's lustre,  
Some were garbed ; or, in whiteness  
Of the diamond's regal brightness ;  
While, celestially serene,  
Robed in incandescent sheen,  
Others sparkled through the green.

By prodigious aerolite,  
Lichen-bossed and vine bedight ;  
In the music of a rill,  
Which, laughing, leaped from dozing hill,  
And unto my eyes displayed  
Foam-flaked eddies, gemmed cascade ;  
While my chaperon, in dream,  
    'Neath a Dryad-haunted tree  
By Delphic cave of mystery



Drowsed on couch of shade and beam,  
    Stretchéd I, luxuriously,  
On the moss of fenneled green,  
    And with sweet complacency  
Let my soul enjoy the scene,  
And absorb the dulcet sounds  
Which ravished the ethereal bounds.  
Soon, athrough my fainting frame  
    Felt I opiate languors creep,  
While a lulling murmur came  
    And softly soothed me into sleep;  
Then mischievous Puck appeared,  
Tricksy-faced and motley-gearèd,  
And infused into my eyes  
The discernment of the wise,  
Till the influences of sight  
Grasped the shadows, 'solved the light,  
And opened to my wondering mind  
The mysteries of fairy-kind.

Then across my vision streamed  
    Shining troops of antic fays,  
Who amid the foliage gleamed  
    Like coy sunbeams through the haze,  
And, in tranceful reveries,  
I watched their giddy jollities.

Some on cobweb swings were swinging  
In the shadows of the shade,  
Or the bluebells' bells were ringing  
'Mid the silence of the glade;  
Others, where kind Nature spread  
Velvet mosses for the tread  
Of elf-feet, with lustrous ropes  
Of spider's silk skipped merrily;  
Or adown the scented slopes  
Phantoms chased right cheerily;  
Or on vibrant grasses swayed,  
Else with airy Atoms strayed  
Where the Microzoa played;  
Or seesawed on beams of sun  
Set athwart the quiv'ring sprays,  
Or hid and hooped in elfish fun  
In the umbra of the haze.

Mounted on eccentric steeds  
Or ray-wheeled velocipedes,  
Or sliding down a sunbeam bright,  
Babbling tipplers, in carouse,  
Chased the fascicles of light  
Through the labyrinth of boughs  
With exuberance of sprite;  
Or, in buffoonery of play,

With Illusions sped away  
Through the glitter of the day.  
Others, in transparent boats  
Urged by evanescent motes,  
Floated after thistle-blooms  
Or vagrant down from Phoenix plumes;  
Else from drooping branches swung,  
Pendulous, the leaves among;  
Or, tiptoe, on topmost spray  
Whirled their fairy forms away  
Into the great gaseous sea  
Of Invisibility.

To and fro a motley rout  
Breath-blown bubbles kicked about,  
Or, in improvised balloons  
Of webbed sunshine, sought the moons  
In quest of moonshine, which to feed  
Unto brains of priestly Creed,  
While a masquerading crew,  
Hurtled one another through,  
Or with dewdrops pygmies pelted  
Till they into ether melted.  
Some, with quaintest juggleries,  
Oped the buds of flow'rs and trees  
And filled the air with drolleries.

Flirting with the Naiads in rill  
They took fantastic shapes at will,  
And tickled queen Mab's royalty  
To gleesome risibility.  
Awhile, with rosy mirth serene,  
They stole the song from Music's queen  
And wedded it to human voice,  
Which filled the world with sweet rejoice.

Some were madly rollicking  
With the spectres of the bogs,  
Else with toads were frolicking,  
Or at leapfrog with the frogs:  
Others, where voluptuous Earth  
Bared her bosom to the sun,  
Lullabied a croon of mirth,  
Till, impelled by imp of fun,  
They scattered, with hilarious cries,  
The swarming bees and butterflies.

There, in harlequin array,  
Elf and ouphe in chatbird play,  
Scared timid mote from sunny ray;  
Teased songbirds till their drowsy notes  
Fell tuneless from enangered throats;  
Chased Echo's echo with rude mock  
Till it died in scar of rock;

Then, with briberies, they won  
The jocund chemist of the sun  
To help them deck grass, shrub, and tree  
With flow'rs and fruited oddity.

Some in jasmine hammocks swung  
The budding lemon-trees among ;  
Where, lulled to sleep by locusts' rhe-r-r,  
Or the drone of grasshopper,  
They dreamed the dreams of childhood, and  
Saw visions of the spirit-land.

Some in leafy wildernesses,  
'Mid the drooping ferns and cresses,  
Wooed coquettish Zephyrs till  
Of them they'd their own sweet will ;  
Or with animated leaf

'Mongst the slumb'rous foliage hid,  
Listened to the garrulous grief  
Of complaining Katydid.

Sconced in hermit solitudes,  
Where, halcyon-like, sweet Silence broods,  
Nor sound of axe or gun intrudes,  
Disturbed alone by whu-r-r and thrum  
Of the pheasant's throbbing drum ;

Or the nervous cleek-cleek-cleek  
Of the red-head woodpeck's peek,  
Or the liquid spink ! spink ! spink !  
Of the turncoat bobolink ;  
Or the clear, keen, mellow gush  
Of the music-throated thrush,—  
Chosen ones 'mid rose and thyme  
Set for men sweet thoughts for rhyme ;  
Or, with crucible and torch,

Over Nature's prostrate form,  
Strove within the noise and scorch  
Of an intellectual storm,  
Till, with feverish unrest,  
They wrung the secrets from her breast,  
And allied them to the mind  
Of the chosen of mankind :  
Others, with felicity,  
Uncaged the soul of Melody,  
And fitted madrigals and glees  
To Music's sylvan harmonies.  
Some where hyacinthine gales  
Fragranced soporific vales,  
With gay birds of plumage rare  
Thrilled with song the dreamless air,  
Till the Sylphides of the breeze,  
Enamoured, swooned in ecstasies,  
And died in voiceless shrubberies.

Here and there marauding Sprites,  
Esquied by malicious Frights,  
On air barbs or fiery steeds,  
Which Imagination breeds,  
Armed with mimic swords of hate  
From the armory of Fate,  
Or gnome-fashioned sunshaft lances  
Tipped with sting of Harpy glances,  
Waged fierce war with fly and gnat,  
Mosquitoes vile, and caverned bat,  
Or ophidians of mire,  
Else with scorpions of fire,  
While, with savage bows and arrows,  
    Shaped from the elastic air,  
Others fought pugnacious sparrows  
    Or grim spider in his lair.  
Some the vagrant wasps attacked  
Or the hornet castles racked,  
While, exultant, others sacked  
The ant-hills, or, with revelries,  
Filched the treasured industries  
Of the amber-cloistered bees.

As I gazed came to my ear,  
    By the breath of Zephyrs borne,  
Musically sweet and clear  
    Mellow mot of Fairy horn;

Then, all faintly, as in dream,

From the greenwood's rocky bounds,  
Falcons' shriek and herons' scream,

And the bay of Fairy hounds.

Then I heard, like imps of rain

When they patter on the leaves  
Or upon the flowered plain,

Fairy footfalls, as from sheaves  
Of the forest-garnered light.

There emerged, all woodland geared,  
And addressed my wond'ring sight,

Elfin hunters, bowed and speared,  
In pursuit of doe as white

As the fleecy mists of June  
When they glitter in the bright

Noontide of the full-orbed moon.  
Swift as flit the nimble airs

When they dimple clovered grass,  
Chasing myths of phantom Cares,

Did the hunt and hunters pass,  
And in the umbrageous green  
Dissolved like spray from sun-kissed scene.

Then I saw, where warblers plumed

Airily their dewy pinions  
And the pink and fuchsia bloomed  
In the Tam'rand king's dominions,



Dilettante sipping dew  
From the golden buttercups,  
While a philosophic few  
Mellowed all their hearts with sups  
Of divinest nectar from  
The virgin lily's silver chalice,  
Ray-distilled from precious gum  
By the wizard Amaryllis,  
Or the prisoned waters which  
The Magi thrall in crystal wall  
Of the Atom's diamond palace.

Crowned with halvéd amaranth  
Bacchanals by lotus tables  
Couched on cushionings of Cynth,  
While they uttered witful fables;  
And, in language quaint and sweet  
As the throb of Fancy's chime,  
Gossiped with the passing fleet  
Eidolons of tireless Time,  
Or discoursed of human kind  
In words aerially refined,  
Exploring every nook of mind;  
Or listened to the fairy lore  
Of sages of the days of yore,  
While following celestial shadow  
Through Utopia's Eldorado,

And from dishes silver white,  
Or gravéd plates of golden light,  
Banqueted, like Sybarite,  
Off marmalades of lusciousness,  
Locust thighs, with mint and cress,  
Humbirds' brains, and tongues of quails,  
And the spiced delights of snails,  
Sauced with the deliciousness

Of may-apples, haws, and cherries,  
And the appetizing press

Of the excellence of berries;  
Or of ambered insects ta'en  
By swart Mermen from the main;  
Or the properties of grain  
Steeped in saccharine of cane;  
Or rare essences of meats  
Dressed with the ambrosial sweets  
Of jellied tamarinds and dates  
From trees which bloom by Eden's gates  
Candied citrons, figs, and grapes  
From Avalon's enchanted capes;  
Luscious pulp of mangosteen,  
Flavors of vanilla bean;  
Syllabubs of cocoa cream,  
Whipt by Houries—in a dream—  
To an evanescent foam,  
Dulceted with mell of comb,

Tinctured with the breath of spice  
And cinnamons of Paradise.  
Some the toothsomeness of nuts  
Tasted, with the daintiest cuts  
Of pineapples and bananas  
From Floridian savannas;  
Or the hearts of melons iced  
    With frosted air, and sunny peaches,  
Pregnant with delight and spiced  
    By the gales of Persian reaches;  
Or the ravishing express  
Of pomegranate's lusciousness;  
Or red-pulped oranges, which glow  
In golden beauty by the flow  
Of laughing waters, in the shade  
By stately palm and olive made  
In Vallombrosa's classic glade,  
Where rare blooms and teeming vines  
Enchant the spirit's Apennines,  
And each dreaming sense enthalls  
In Fantasy's cerulean halls.

Some on pink-fringed toadstools sat,  
While they charged the air with chat;  
Or, with nectared gossipings,  
Gave delicious utterings  
To undreamed thoughts of unthought things;

While from opalescent white  
Goblets, of translucent light,  
Or air-bubbles, cut in twain  
By keen instruments of Spain,  
Supped they liquors exquisite,  
Twanged with spice of Attie wit;  
Elixirs, which fruit-fays draugh  
For the fairy-tribes to quaff,  
Of the apricot and pear,  
Nectarines and peaches rare,  
Apples, quinces, gage, and plum,  
Vinted by some fairy Mumm;  
With bouquet from off the grapes  
Which purple the Aonian capes;  
Or in amber clusters shine  
Athrough the em'rald-foliaged vine,  
Where gay birds-of-paradise,  
From the glare of Orient skies,  
Shadow with their jewelled wings  
Waters of Pierian springs;  
Or which ripen in the breeze  
Which fan th' effulgent deities  
Of the happy isle-gemmed seas  
Which skirt the soul's Hesperides.

In a rhododendroned dell,  
Where the gray-green mosses fell

From gnarled branches in festoons,  
Like the hazy fringes set  
To Night's trailing folds of jet  
By the planet-circling moons;  
In the pine-trees' shadows, where  
The timid sunbeams, frightened, quivered,  
And the spirits of the air  
'Mid the foliage sat and shivered;  
Where the subtle-gliding snake  
Chased the squirrel through the brake,  
Or, with fascinations dire,  
Lured rash birds to coil of ire;  
Where, through fear, the lizard slid  
Like a flash in cleft of rock,  
And the saucy catbird chid  
Silence with his scornful mock;  
There, where sleek-furred mole and mouse  
Wassailed in the muskrat's house,  
Or the black-coat beetle rolled  
His egg-stored balls; where rabbits holed,  
And the mottled gem-brained toad  
Leaped along the deer-lick road;  
Where tortoise hid, and truant snail  
Slimed the ant's erratic trail;  
Where the chatt'ring jaybird prated  
And the cooing ring-dove mated,  
Saw I, with discerning eyes,

In the freckle spots of shade,  
Gaudy-tricked and sheen-arrayed,  
Fairy lovers, heard their sighs,  
As, by brookside, 'mid the fern,  
Arm in arm they, loitering, walked ;  
Or aside the prattling burn  
With the misty Naiads talked ;  
Or where grasses, vine-entangled,  
Were with dandelions bespangled ;  
There where Summer, proud as bride  
When she from the altar goes,  
Treads on roses in her pride,  
While her fond eye overflows  
With joy-drops, which, by sylvan bowers,  
Fall and gender fragrant flowers ;  
Or where dimpling waters pooled  
And the trout and minnow schooled ;  
Where beetle-shrub and spider sped  
O'er flaccid waters, while o'erhead  
All the white-faced elders braided  
With the hazel leaves, and shaded  
Card'nal-flowered, blue-flagged edges  
Of the fuzzy, foxtailed sedges ;  
Where gay gladiolas rimmed  
The glassy meres all swallow-skimmed,  
While the elfin boatmen swayed  
In their lily-leaf canoes

And the air-born children played  
'Mongst the rushes of the ooze,  
Saw I them environed by  
Genii guardians of the spot,  
Or denizens of haunted grot,  
Sit luxurious and eye  
Each the other,—Oh, how shy !  
Scarcely speaking with their lips,  
Only with their finger-tips ;  
Or that mystic language which  
Love expresses feelings by,  
Timid glances, nervous twitch,  
Tell-tale blush, and philtered sigh ;  
Or 'neath spice-wood sassafrases  
By the wild witch-hazel tree,  
Sheltered by the pompous grasses,  
Robed in vestal purity,  
Saw I them, with cheeks afire,  
Wantoning with sweet desire ;  
While their lips beguiled with words  
Tenderer than notes of birds,  
Enrapturing the breathless gales  
With love-songs and am'rous tales,  
Till in gondolas of gleams,  
They floated down celestial streams  
Into the summer sea of dreams.

Others saw I through the gloom  
Of a fountain's silvered mist,  
Where blushed Iris, Phœbus-kissed,  
Nestling where magnolias' bloom  
Drowned the breezes in perfume ;  
Or where oleanders scent  
With geranium odors blent,  
Stretched on beds of mignonettes  
Or swards of virgin violets ;  
In an atmosphere of sighs  
Laden with the balm of skies.  
Raptured in a chaste embrace,  
Cheek to cheek or face to face,  
Fondly dreaming, naught expressing,  
Each the other's heart addressing  
In the language of caress,  
Dalliance, and amorous press,  
Wishing, secretly, the while,  
Wishes which they dare not utter,—  
Dainty wishes, tinged with guile,  
Such as set young hearts aflutter,  
While their spirits, in the skies  
Of the lover's Paradise,  
Revelled in the wine of bliss  
Pressed by love from fruity kiss.



Like elect of the sublime,  
Never making note of time,  
'Tranced, and all absorbed, I lay  
Till the purple of the day  
Melted into twilight's gray,  
And the harbinger of night  
Twinkled on my chrismed sight,  
While the spell of Silence fell,  
O'er lake, mountain, mead, and dell,  
And the fitful shadows shed  
Their holy influences and spread  
O'er earth a superstitious dread.  
Then beside the vagaries  
Of the mock-bird's ecstasies  
And the plover's aqueous cry  
And the wild swan's vesper sigh  
And the doleful, wailing, shrill  
Note of circling whippoorwill  
And the screech-owl's dismal "hoot,"  
Mingled with the nighthawk's "scoot,"  
And from crevices of rocks  
The sly bark of wily fox,  
Wedded to the cry of loon,  
Shriek of bittern, "caw" of crow,  
With the marsh-frog's croaking croon  
And the low of fawn and doe,

Fell athrough the atmosphere  
All acutely on my ear.  
Th' enrapturing harmonies  
Of the wind-harp's symphonies,  
And the notes of Ariel's flute,  
    Trill of pipe, and sigh of reed,  
Dainty twang of elfin lute,  
    With the voice of wood and mead ;  
And I heard the mellow gush  
Of the forest's solemn hush ;  
Heard the waves of darkness flowing,  
Soughing, sighing, coming, going,  
And the lowly glowworms glowing ;  
From the dusky hills of dreams  
Heard the flow of silent streams ;  
Heard the bells of Fancy ringing ;  
Heard the tender grasses springing ;  
Heard the tired convolvuluses  
    Close their fragile leaves to sleep,  
And the airs, with childish fusses,  
    Into cave and flower creep ;  
Heard the flutter of Ouphe wing ;  
Heard the Dryads' gossiping ;  
Heard the starry splendor, falling  
    On the mist, like flake on wave,  
And the darkling shadows calling  
    Phantoms from each bat-filled cave ;

From the bounds of distance heard  
The fantasies of Cynthia's bird;  
And, blending with the sweet rejoice  
Of dear Nature's soothing voice,  
Heard the warbling spirits and  
The bugle notes of Fairy-land.

Soon, from out the pearly haze  
Of the moonlit atmosphere,  
Sudden as a meteor's blaze,  
Came a fairy pioneer;  
And, above the glist'ning mead,  
Floated on his firefly steed,  
Till where spread a dainty plot  
Of lum'nous mosses, by a grot  
Of melancholy mysteries,  
'Neath the boughs of fragrant trees,  
Stopped, and fingering magic key,  
Blew bugle-notes of melody,  
Which, as flowers' subtle scent  
Fills the space of firmament,  
Penetrated each recess  
Of rock and brambled wilderness,  
And bade each dreamy elf and fay  
To robe and thread the jovial way  
Which led to sport and revelry,  
And mirth and fairy jubilee.

Then bourgeoned from bud and flower,  
Tuft and plume and odorous bower,  
Like the regal exhalations  
    Of the opium-fevered mind,  
All the whimsical creations  
    Of terrestrial fairy-kind;  
And, on wingéd footsteps, flew  
T'ward the chosen rendezvous.  
Will-o'-wisp his wizard light,  
Lit and showed them through the night,  
And his frisky brother Jack-  
O'-th'-lantern spooked the track,  
And, lowering his pallid fire,  
Led them safe past bog and mire,  
Till, with antique flame-wood lamp,  
Goblin, from his cedrine camp  
O'er rock, stream, and briery way,  
Led them by the haunted way.

All assembled, joyously,  
    I' th' glimpses o' th' moon,  
    To the music of the air  
Fell their feet as noiselessly  
    As petals fall from crown of June,  
    Or as shade on noontide's glare;  
Or as imaged shapes that dance  
In a tender maiden's glance;

In the waltz's am'rous whirl  
Or fandango's tinkling twirl,  
Else on polka's giddy wing  
Round and round enchanted ring.

From his vigil in Oaktower  
Woodtick ticked the midnight hour,  
And the death-watch by the bed  
Of ill mortal drooped his head;  
While the vampire and the ghoul,  
To the "hoot" of mousing owl,  
Flapped their fiendish wings and flew  
To cypress shade and mournful yew.

High in heav'n the loving moon,  
Like a vestal, robed in white,  
Floating in eternal noon,  
Glorified the dusky night,  
And glossed, with rare effulgency,  
The sleeping earth and slumb'rous sea.

Amor, musing in the shade  
Of the voiceless everglade,  
Held in thrall by magic spell  
Of enchantress Philomel,  
Sighed love-pæans in her praise,  
Wooring Dian's ardent gaze

Till he won it; when, as wave  
Captures star with crystal hand  
And holds it prisoner in cave  
Of subaqueous wonderland,  
So he caught her in embrace,  
Kissed the blushes from her face,  
Until, ravished with delight,  
He fainted in the arms of Night.

Then stole gently to my ears  
Seraph notes of crystal spheres,  
And from off the breeze's wing  
Sweet airs of fairy trumpeting.  
Faintly, quaintly, swelling nearer,  
Like the pine's Æolian sighing,  
Drew the echoes, sweeter, clearer,  
Till they on my ears fell dying;  
While upon their wingéd steeds,  
Which the wind of Cloudland breeds,  
Appeared the trumpeters, and then,  
Like glint, from gloom of bosky glen,  
With ray swords and starbeam spears,  
A troop of elfin cavaliers.  
Following 'neath banners white,  
With austral blazonings bedight  
And streamers of celestial light,  
From defile and sultry shade,

Panoplied in sheen of steel,  
Which the master gnomes anneal,  
Came a knightly cavalcade,  
Encircling a gemmed array  
Of elfin loveliness, so bright  
That Jealousy and envious Night,  
Writhing, drew themselves away  
In exuberance of pain  
Which tortured them to thoughts insane,  
And poured on sympathizing air  
The agonies of their despair.  
As king-stone of diadems  
Glistens with transcendent lustre  
'Mid the radiance of gems  
Which adorn the dazzling cluster,  
So, amid the galaxy  
Of beauty so refined and airy,  
Shone, in peerless majesty,  
Mab, the virgin queen of fairy.

Imagination ne'er allured  
From the Eden of the mind,  
Never Fancy miniaturesd  
To the eye of artist-kind,  
Vision so supremely fair  
As this creature of the air;  
Ne'er can words to mind convey

The glory of her bright array ;  
Nor rapt pencil e'er express  
The fulness of her loveliness ;  
Nor cunning chisel hope to trace  
Her excellence of form and face :  
In her person were combined  
All the graces of her kind ;  
Perfect was she as a star,  
Naught to censure, naught to mar.

Col'optera and lantern-fly  
From their weary watch on high  
Did her radiance descry,  
And signalled to elf sentinel,  
Who vigil kept at holy well,  
And he, through golden trumpet-flow'r,  
To master of the festive hour.  
Instant, as when sunclouds shake  
From drowsy wings on rippling lake  
The down of calm, and all is still :  
Attracted by his magnet will,  
At his imperial command,  
Expressed by wave of magic wand,  
The dancing ceased. *Ad interim*,  
As in vast cathedrals dim  
Rapt souls, on wings of melody,



Upborne on airs of chaunt and hymn,  
Attain the heights of ecstasy ;  
And there through myrrhy incense skim  
O'er agitated waves of air,  
And then, with pinions, love-enchained,  
Sink to hush of silent prayer ;  
So fell, like spell of organed psalm,  
Upon the scene a holy calm,  
And Silence for a moment reigned.

Then, from heart of tranquil dell,  
Floated, with melodious swell,  
A mockingbird's ethereal joy ;  
Subdued at first, and maiden coy,  
Then rising, swelling nigh and nigher,  
Warbling, with gay coquetries,  
His répertoire of woodland glees,  
Laughing, twitt'ring, piping, sighing,  
Chirping, whistling, cooing, crying,  
Climbing, soaring high and higher,  
Till, with airs of spirit choir,  
Its own notes blent so gloriously  
That a passing seraph stopped  
A blissful moment in career,  
And from bounds of distance dropped  
The matchless melody to hear.

Then sliding from celestial heights  
Of harmonious delights,  
Through clewless labyrinths of sound,  
Its notes flew in and out and round  
In delirious ecstasies  
Of derisive melodies,  
Which, with 'wakened catbird's jangle,  
Caught fair Nature's self in tangle,  
And the voices of the night  
'Woke to transports of delight,  
Until, melted into glee,

    The aspened shade and dewy green  
Chimed with chorused jubilee

    Of fairies' welcome to their queen.

Then enveloped all the scene  
Lucid mists of dazzling sheen,  
And blue vapors, all aglow  
With the colors of the bow,  
Which expressed in bold relief  
Each vinéd rock and blade and leaf  
And portrayed, with sunlight power,  
Sprite and fay and elfin flower.  
Puck I saw, and Ariel,  
Oberon, and Fariel,  
Atom, Pin, and Midge, and Buzz,  
Pink, and Pea, Pip, Myth, and Fuzz;

And each other elf and fay  
Which joyed our childhood's holiday  
And ever with our fancies play.  
Heavenly music from the plain  
Filled the tissues of my brain,  
Charged the airs with nonchalance,  
And, beneath the queenly glance,  
Buoyed the fairies in their dance.

Then, athrough the foliage, I  
Saw, against the sombre air,  
Forms fantastic, giant high,  
With great eyes of astral glare,  
Who, with smile or weird grimace  
Playing o'er each changeful face,  
Gazed upon the scene, until  
Shadow, winging from the hill,  
Enfolded them in mist of streams  
Which shimmer through the vale of dreams.  
Then I saw, from secret nook,  
Peering goblins, wraith, and spook ;  
And from cone-tipped evergreens,  
Where clung vine and mistletoe,  
Nymphs peeking coyly from leaf-screens,  
Or shad'wy flitting to and fro.  
Then athrough the atmosphere

Floated vaguely, soft and clear,  
The herald notes of Chanticleer ;  
And, in flash of dawning day,  
The blissful vision paled away.

## MY PALACE IN THE AIR.

A PEERLESS palace, divinely fair,  
Have I fashioned, with matchless care,  
Off in the amethystine air.

Ethereally, its walls uprear  
Into the lucid atmosphere,  
Pale as a star when day draws near.

Its azure roofs transcend in height  
Till, fading in the infinite,  
They mock the keenest grasp of sight.

Turret, tower, and minaret,  
Wrought out of midnight's sheen and jet,  
On its shadowy walls are set.

Its spires and towers of radiant stone,  
Hewn from the sun's enchanted zone,  
Ambitious, seek the Air-King's throne.

Scintillant spans of golden light  
Uphold its ceilings of sky, alight  
With twinkling stars exceeding bright.

Its columns of crystallised hyacinth,  
With dreamy capitals of Corinth,  
Are sheened from astragal to plinth.

Of topazed rays are its balustrades,  
Solid moonbeams its colonnades,  
Marbled snow-flakes its promenades.

Each of its adamantine floors  
Is tessellated with polished ores  
Studded with rubies and Kohinoors.

Yet does it seem as if it were  
Builded out of naught but air,  
So very dream-like 'tis and fair.

Its spacious chambers, with matchless care,  
Are hung with laces of frosted air  
And furnished artfully, debonair!

Its diamond panes, celestially,  
Sparkle in far-off majesty  
Like the sun-kissed waves of a summer sea.

All earthly halls its hall outvies,  
Ceiled with kaleidoscopic skies,  
Aurora-tinged with gorgeous dyes.

From off its circling walls of blue  
A dome, cyclopean, clear as dew,  
Studded with brilliants of every hue,

Swells into space, and glints in light,  
Compared with which noon's glare is night,  
Blinding the unaccustomed sight.

'Neath its arches, through endless day  
Fountains of living waters play,  
Cooling the airs with fragrant spray.

Its tapestries of limpid blues,  
Glorified with dissolving views,  
Broidered with rainbow's wealth of hues,

Are limned with tracery of gems,  
Sceptres ar'besqued with diadems,  
Emerald leaves with garnet stems

Flecked with lustrous filigrees,  
With roses, and anemones,  
Winged butterflies, and birds, and bees.

'Tis carpeted with velveteen  
Of fairy mosses and evergreen,  
Bossed with flowers and dewdrops' sheen.

Winding stairs of light and shade,  
With genii-fashioned balustrade  
All sheen of radiance inlaid,

Lead to celestial galleries,  
Such as rapt dreamer, dreaming, sees  
When solving heavenly mysteries.

There pictures by Fancy's pencil draught,  
Schemes from the busy brain of Thought,  
Statues Imagination wrought,

Enchant the sight and fill the mind  
With glorious deeds, of human kind,  
In nichéd walls, or stand combined

With cabinets of Art's device,  
Which Luxury's self might all suffice,  
Of airy turquoise clear as ice,

Filled with exquisite treasures fair  
Drawn from the ocean, earth, and air,—  
Magnificent! beyond compare.

After the carkings of the day,  
My spirit, spurning its home of clay,  
Soars to my Palace far away.



Free as an eagle, unconfined  
As the flight of the wayward wind,  
It leaves my slothful clay behind,

And with it care and misery,  
All which we helpless mortals see  
Drifting to immortality ;

And while men toil in anxious pain,  
Bartering their souls for sordid gain,  
Seeking that which they seek in vain,

I in my palace, all alone,  
With brooding Silence on a throne,  
List'ning the air-waves' hollow moan,

Sit, like a holy evangelist  
Beside the heavenly eucharist,  
Quaffing from sangreal of amethyst

The mellow joy of a golden wine  
Crushed from the heart of a grape divine  
Grown in mine airy Palestine.

High o'er the sorrowing vale of tears  
I watch the shades of departed years,  
And list to the music of the spheres.

Gazing where Saturn's crimson bars  
Flash through the glittering of stars,  
Flushed with the sanguine glow of Mars,

I seek that blissful realm which lies  
Deep in the bosom of the skies,—  
The soul-absorbing Paradise.

Fond but vainly I sit and peer,  
With eyes which gleam like eyes of seer,  
Into the radiant atmosphere,

Hoping by human faith to see  
The elysium of Mystery,  
Its stream of life and mystic tree,

Its pearly gates, its jewelled walls,  
Its shining mansions and blissful halls,  
O'er which God's glory forever falls,

Its streets of sheen, its marvellous throne  
In the city's glitter, all alone,  
Resting on kingdoms overthrown;

But, blinded by empyrean blaze,  
Shrinking, in wonder and amaze,  
Humbled, I turn my 'wildered gaze

And see, through the airy ocean's spray,  
Ethereal islands, far away  
'Mid the starry-crested waves of day,

Which seem like beryls set in a lake  
Of molten brilliants, whose ripples break  
'Gainst golden foreland in opal flake,—

Those blessed isles which the ancient wise  
Deemed the terrestrial Paradise  
Floating midway 'tween earth and skies,—

Cloudland, with its gorgeous sights,  
Its airy splendors, its sweet delights,  
Which, dreaming, we taste in summer nights,

Its sapphire-blazing peaks, which rear  
From luminous vales, intensely clear,  
Into the lucent atmosphere,

Hollowed with grottos all alight  
With scintillant drops of stalactite  
And driftings of splendrous stalagmite;

Floored with tufa of crystallised foam,  
In the fashion of ancient Rome,  
Cunningly veined by skilful gnome;

Its sparkling plumes, like feathers of snow,  
Drifting which way the winds do blow,  
With crags of silver flashing below;

Its slopes, with palaces and towers,  
Pavilions weird with radiant bowers,  
'Mid wilds of amaranthine flowers;

Its obelisks of pearl, half hid  
By cenotaphs of saints, amid  
Shadows of stately pyramid

Constructed each and every one  
From lustrous blocks of chalcedon,  
Quarried out of the noonday sun.

No earthly potentate, I opine,  
Ever reared a palace like to mine,—  
So grand, so noble, so divine!

Reclused, by shore of summer sea,  
On cloud-cushioned couch of ivory,  
Beneath a luscious-fruited tree,

Lulled to sleep by melodies  
Swelling up from seas and trees  
On amorous balm-laden breeze,

I dream such dreams as never before  
Mortal dreamed this side Death's door,  
Soothed with poppy or hellebore:

Of heroes, gods, and godlike men,  
Ghost, and shadow, and haunted glen,  
Of fairy rose-bowered denizen;

Of horrid monsters, huge and grim;  
Of genii, giant, and pygmy trim;  
Of angel, seraph, and cherubim;

Of death and life so transitory,  
Hell with its terrors, purgatory,  
And heaven's pure and radiant glory—

And, oh! may the regality  
Of my shadowy principality  
Grow into heaven's reality!

What care I for silver or gold,  
Fleeting honors, houses, or wold?  
In my palace I've wealth untold,—

Gems of wisdom and treasures of mind  
Out of the ages, doubly refined  
By th' elected of mankind,

Diamonds of Philosophy,  
Gold from the drift of History,  
Pearls from the sea of Poetry :

Need I more? I live in content  
With that which kind heaven has lent  
To cheer my spirit in banishment.

What though th' infatuated crowd  
Scornfully slight and taunt aloud,  
And mist my mind in sorrows cloud?

Yet, steeped in sweet philosophy,  
I grieve for all their misery,  
And pity those who pity me.

Thus, when my fainting spirit tires  
Of the world and its vain desires,  
Into my palace it retires,

And in the boundless realm of mind,  
With kindred spirits always find  
The happiness for me designed.

Ah me! From the dreamy far away  
My spirit seeks its crypt of clay,  
And my airy palace fades away.

## TO FLORA'S VOICE.

SOUL of music shrined in earth,  
Offspring of celestial birth,  
Thou that swayest mind and heart  
Through divinity of Art,  
To my consciousness impart  
Thy secret,—who, and what thou art!  
Ne'er, since mother's lullabies  
Soothed my senses, closed my eyes,  
Have I heard such melody  
From the lips of minstrelsy;  
Ne'er, from foliage or sea,  
Such mellifluous harmony.

Plaint of ocean's murm'ring shell,  
Sigh of zephyr, croon of dell,  
In thy blissful warblings dwell;  
Yea, all sweet sounds of earth and sea,  
Absorbéd, lose themselves in thee—  
Tell me, soul of music, tell,  
Whence thou comest, where dost dwell?

Ne'er did note of feathered sprite  
Yield me such intense delight ;  
Ne'er did murmur of a rill,  
Carol of enchanted hill,  
Charge with such voluptuous thrill  
Or so captivate my will :  
Never voice of mead or brook,  
Chaunt of bard or song of book,  
Nor Æolian symphony,  
Seem so musical to me !

Wafted by thy sorceries,  
My soul, afloat, skims airy seas,  
Till, encompassed by the moon,  
All deliriously I swoon,  
As to brain, through ravished ear,  
Steal thy notes to bless and cheer !—  
Tell me, charmer, what thou be  
That utterest such witchery ?

Lilied strains of summer airs  
Breathed by saints at evening prayers ;  
Inspirations wreathed and wound  
With the roses of sweet sound,  
Glorify thy carollings,  
Fit thy notes to seraph wings,



And allure my soul to rise  
From Earth's dross to bliss of skies.  
Is it love inspires thy strain,  
Dulcifies thy rapt refrain?  
Is it love that fires my brain  
As I listen? Thought divine!  
I am thine, and thou art mine!

Say, enchanting mystery,  
Art angelic ecstasy  
'Scaped athrough the sheeny portals  
Of the home of the immortals?  
Or rapt joy by heaven sent  
To cheer our souls in banishment?  
Art thou Orpheus himself  
Sporting as a wanton elf,  
Or faint echo of his lyre  
Mellowed with Promethean fire  
For the use of earthly choir?  
Or dying breath of cherubim?  
Thou essence of terrestrial hymn!

We hear thee, yet we see thee not;

We feel thy power, confess its sway,  
As rising, like a bugle's mot,  
It melts into a golden lay

So aerial, soft and clear,  
Cherubs stoop from heaven to hear,  
While the envious songsters spring  
From bright dreams on flutt'ring wing,  
And imbibe from dulcet strain  
The joy which is akin to pain,  
Till their hearts in overflow  
Flood the woods and fields below.

Born thou wert amongst the Fairies,  
Child of Harmony and Tune!  
Nurtured by the blithe canaries  
In a never-ending June;  
Thence thou 'scaped in sportive mirth,  
And, gleeful, hid thee in a birth,  
Whence thy spirit, ever going,  
Welleth like a streamlet flowing,  
Breaking on enraptured ears  
With a melody divine,  
Giv'n thee by the tuneful spheres,  
To enchant, and to refine.

As elf winds adown the sea  
Trip it with Euphrosyne  
To an unheard symphony,  
Thrilling, like the breath of fame,  
The angel of my languid frame,

Dost thou come; and as thy notes  
Flood my soul as sunshine floats,  
    Dreaming, I faint;  
    And, like a saint,  
    Bewinged I rise  
    Unto the skies,  
And list to the airs of Paradise.

## THE WARNING.

DAINTY maid with queenly tread,  
Sunny hair all ringlettéd,  
Eyes like those of the gazelle,  
Forehead smooth as pearl of shell,—

Beware!

He'll betray! oh, he'll betray!

Away! away!

Listen what the Sibyls say:

“His promises are debonair,  
His winning smiles beyond compare,  
His honeyed words as light as air,—

Forbear!

Ere he mesh thee in his snare,  
Ere he fills thy mind with care,

Pray, oh, pray!

Lest, when demons rule the hour,  
And thou dreamest in Love's bower,  
He will filch from thee thy dower,

And away

With the sunshine of thy day,  
With the song which cheers thy way,

And the gem which glows serene  
In thy bosom, beauty's queen!"

As the skies of Samarcand,  
By electric sparkles fanned,  
Are his eyes,—their satyred fires  
Fuelled with his fierce desires.  
In them lurketh Astrophel,  
Forging mimic shafts of hell,  
Which he tips with subtle glances,  
Cruel as the steel of lances,  
Which, through maidens' hearts that languish  
In a dreamy love-lorn anguish,  
Shooteth he, until they die  
The death of deaths with frantic sigh.  
Guard thy breast with triple plate  
Now, before it be too late!  
Fly them, else in mire of shame  
Like-snow flake smirched will melt thy fame.

On his lips, bedewed with roses,  
Where a siren's smile reposes,  
Lurks a spell whose fragrant breath  
Woos thee to a living death;  
In their ecstasy of kisses,  
Which to thee seem angel blisses,

Coils an asp, whose cruelty  
Bears destruction unto thee !  
Then, maiden of the golden hair,  
And haloed brow unmarked with care,  
Beware !  
Lest, moaning, thou wilt sit and sing,  
Thy tears downfalling on his ring,  
“ Ah, well-a-day ! ah, well-a-day !  
He only kissed me to betray ! ”

Round the taper of his fingers  
Spells of an enchanter lingers,  
And they permeate thy frame  
With the subtleness of flame,  
Till thy senses, sleeping, lie  
Underneath a popped sigh,  
And thine immortality  
Under seas of misery.  
When he clasps thy tiny hand,  
Fly thy thoughts to fairy-land ;  
When the spark of fell desire  
Flashes to consuming fire,  
Fly before that tragic thrill  
Leaves thy body pale and chill !

Oh ! his princely words are sweet  
As he kneeleth at thy feet,

Suing thee, and wooing thee,  
As if thou wert a mystery  
Shrined within humanity;  
While the glamour of his guile,  
Lurking in insidious smile,  
Allures thy spirit, craftily,  
Into the glooms of infamy.  
As to thirsty flower the dew,  
Are his gracious words to you;

Yet, beware!

Take care!

For the mystic, Amorat,  
In his wisdom, sayeth that  
“Many a maiden’s heart is wrung  
Through the wiles of glozing tongue.”

Take care! take care!

Beware! beware!

## LEGEND OF THE CROWN.

ENTHRONED in regal state,  
With sable-ermined robe  
Of Tyrian purple, and breastplate  
Of laminated gold,  
Glittering with wealth untold;  
Hand grasping gold-traced iron sceptre,  
Tipped with argent ring-winged node,  
Beneath gem-eyed ebony raven  
Perched on an enambered globe;  
O'ershadowed by Death's wing,  
All gloomily,  
By beetling crag of maelstromed sea  
Sat Norland's sapient king.

His seer-like beard  
So weird appeared  
That base-born churls gazed, dazed, and feared;  
While his thin hair,  
Blanched white as snow  
Through royal woe,  
Flowed dreamily upon the air.



Anear him sat enthroned,  
Like rosy nymph 'mongst lily-featured naiads,  
Amid the splendor of attendant maids,  
In peerless beauty, like  
The full-orbed moon enzoned  
By galaxy of stars,  
'Mid glint of battle-axe and pike,  
Upborne by bronze-helmed sons of Mars,  
Seraphically fair,  
Malvina his soul's pride,  
Loved more than world beside,  
His only child and heir.

By royal summons of command,  
About him, ranged on either hand,  
A belted, mail-clad band,  
His feuds and courtiers stand.

Then, from his head, his crown,  
Superlatively grand,  
He raised, with kingly frown,  
And held in his right hand.

From its gemmed circles streamed,  
And ravishingly gleamed,

A beamy light  
So dazzling pure,  
That scarce the unaccustomed sight  
Its brilliance could endure.

“This,”—while he sighed,  
He cried,—  
“With mine own star-eyed  
Malvina as a bride,  
As Odin reigneth, and I live,  
Will I give  
To him

Who, stout of heart and strong of limb,  
Braves yon seething waves,  
And from the fury of the sea  
Returns it all unharmed to me.”

Out in the ’strom,  
Amid the foam,  
The guerdon fell.  
Then, from coral cell,  
And spangled caves,  
The elves of waves  
Upreared,  
With faces ghast and seared,  
And through the clear  
Bright atmosphere

Of spectre-crested sea,  
Exultantly,  
And with a maddening wild delight,  
Snatched it with eager hands from sight.

Fair as the harbinger of day,  
Sweet as the apple-bloom of May,  
All queen-arrayed,  
But pale as the wan face of death—  
Scarce caught the nimble airs her breath—  
Awaited the expectant maid.

With timid glances, half afraid,  
Gazed she on her suitors grand,  
As they stood,  
In eager mood,  
All desiring,  
And aspiring,  
To the fortune of her hand.

Within her throbbing breast of care,  
Love fluttered like a dove in snare;  
And to her sorrowing self she sighed,  
As one gazed on her tender-eyed,  
“Oh that he,  
Through love of me,  
Would brave the fierceness of the sea!—  
O God of gods, be kind to him and kind to me!”

Far and wide,  
Up the shore,  
With deeper roar,  
Chased by fierce breakers surged the tide.

Dashing, crashing,  
With rude shocks,  
'Gainst the storm-defying rocks,  
Seething, hissing,  
Now cloud-kissing,  
Then deep under,  
Burst the wind-hurled waves asunder,  
Quivering earth like bolts of thunder.

Fearfully the faint-heart brood  
Above the raging ocean stood.

The dreadful terrors of the flood  
Dissolved their courage, chilled their blood.

Before their ruler stood confessed  
The secret of each craven breast.

Then, with self-conscious bearing proud,  
From the deep silence of the crowd  
Stepped dauntless Rolla of the main,  
Whose castle glowed in clouds of Spain ;

Son of banished Eric, who,  
With his steel-ribbed ships of might,  
Sailed conqueringly the South Seas through,  
Despoiling shores with ruthless blight.

With a pleasurable pain,  
Offspring of a sweet delight,  
Gazed the maiden on the main  
Through sad tears which dimmed her sight.  
Then, while her swelling breast heaved full with sighs,  
Her soul glanced love into his longing eyes,  
While breathed he silent prayer unto the skies,  
“O Odin, god of gods! give ear to me,  
And shape to joy my future destiny!”

With stately mien and courtly tread  
Advanced he to the regal seat,  
Full low he bowed his noble head  
To gain the monarch's kindly greet:  
Awhile the heralds with acclaim  
Declared his lineage and his name,  
And north and south and east and west,  
Proclaimed the purpose of the kingly breast.

Before the maid,  
Stayed by his blade,  
He kneeled. All tremblingly,  
First her hand,

Then his brand,  
Kisséd he,  
While he whispered, "Without thee,  
What were all this world to me?"

Conscious love, like red sunrise  
When it tints the seas and skies,  
Roséd her cheeks and lit her eyes :  
Wild heaved her breast with smothered sighs.

In a tranceful ecstasy  
From her fascination, he  
Turned towards the angry sea.

Where towered battlements upreared,  
There Scald and Berserks gaunt,  
With Sagaman sat, while Harpers hoar  
Upraised the hymn and chaunt.

From ivied tower and gnarléd oak  
Hoarse was heard the raven's croak.

Where the shimmering waters sprayed,  
Where the glittering sunlight beamed,  
Sportively the dolphins played,  
Shrill the cruel cormorant screamed.

Shuddered Life and fluttered Death,  
Pitying Nature held her breath,

As in the yawning jaws of ocean,  
From beetling crag beneath the tower,  
They saw him plunge with quivering motion,  
Beheld the greedy waves devour.

As when angered lightnings fall,  
Or sudden dangers men appall,  
Breathless stood they, one and all.

Like a saint in stone, the maiden,  
All her soul with anguish laden,  
With her thoughts engulfed in sea,  
Sat and gazed all prayerfully ;

And the dying king, with shudder,  
Like a galley 'reft of rudder,  
Swayed and groaned with every motion  
Of the whirlpooled fiends of ocean.

Dread silence reigned, while waxed intense  
The horrid torture of suspense!

“Huzza! huzza! huzza!”  
Mingles with the passing flaw.

“See! see!

’Tis he, ’tis he!”

See, his doughty arm uprears!  
Lo! behold  
The crown of gold!  
Above the waves his face appears.

In the dizzy circling swirl  
Of the maelstrom's seething whirl,  
'Mid its fierce convulsive throes,  
Round and round and round he goes.

Celestial Hope and pallid Fear  
Gaze through the fainting atmosphere;  
With fervent words and pleading breath  
They intercede for him with Death.

At her dragon-guarded gates,  
Grim and lowering, Hela waits!  
Beside her weave the dark-browed Fates.

Crooning dirges,  
Sob the surges.

Love, from her ethereal steeps,  
Looks through clouded eyes and weeps.

Pity sighs;  
Envy dies.



Through the palpitating airs  
Speed Rolla's and the maiden's prayers.

Throned amid revolving spheres  
With Frigga by his side,  
Majestic Odin sits and hears,  
And scans the treacherous tide.

Obedient to his sovereign will,  
His raven, Huguin, flies  
Swifter than light, through ether's chill,  
To cloud-land's dreamy skies ;  
And, at his bid, like thunderbolt,  
His sun-eyed eagle falls  
Where maddened whirlpool, in revolt,  
Bold Rolla's limbs enthralls.  
Its talons grasp his floating curls,  
The hand-held crown its beak,  
While from the hellward whirlpool whirls,  
And from the ghastly reek,—  
Awhile the baffled monster clings,  
And round his form his briny arms  
And subtlest glamours deftly flings,  
With all his salamandrine charms,—  
Buys him with its powerful wings  
Athrough the breakers' sullen roar,  
Until he stands on Safety's shore.

Rave the disappointed waves,  
As they sunder,  
Growling thunder,  
From their monster-haunted caves.  
Screams, as shrieks the thwarted sea,  
Odin's bird triumphantly.  
Sunbeams splendor all its form;  
Till, like a phoenix-wingéd fire,  
Mounting high, and mounting higher!  
It passes to the realm of storm;  
Where, in a cloud as red as slaughter,  
It vanished like foam-flake in water.

Then from the skies' effulgency  
Came voice of rarest melody,  
Which fell upon each listening ear  
In tones which rung celestial clear:

“Ne'er despair!

For the true hearts are the fair,  
And brave spirits kingdoms are;  
Through willing ears  
Great Odin hears,  
And hearing, grants as virtue's meed  
Success to every noble deed  
When urged by guileless prayer.”

## STORY OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

EARTH shrinking from the ardent gaze of Day,  
Diana's tender smile was fondly waiting,  
When, in the sombre shadow of a wood  
Which fringed the margin of an Alpine lake,  
A Knight and Lady wooed the fickle breeze.  
Bright were her eyes; beyond compare her form,  
So like a Sylph's that o'er the mead she moved  
Scarce bending grass-blades 'neath her airy tread.  
Her cheeks and lips were hued so delicate  
That roses, gazing, blushed a deeper red;  
While envious lilies drooped their pallid heads  
And filled the amorous airs with fragrant sighs.  
Graced was the Knight with all Apollo's charms  
Such as no maiden, seeing, could resist;  
Or, if she did, her fluttering heart would bear  
Forever traces of the love-plumed shaft.  
Arm twined in arm, with fond reliance filled,  
Like confidence upon the arm of might  
She strayed, and gazing in his gracious eyes,  
Thrilled all his bosom with electric words  
Which moved him to an ecstasy of bliss.

Before them, like a shimmering glory, lay  
The placid waters of the sylvan lake;  
And on its bosom, like an emerald mount  
Dissolving in a sea of molten gems  
Embossed with smiling clumps of od'rous flowers,  
An island slumbered in a golden trance.  
With longing eyes she gazed upon its banks,  
And sighed a maiden's wish that she might wear  
A flower from its Summer-painted strand.  
Her every wish his law, her smile his heaven,  
He left her side; and, instant, from the bank  
Plunged headlong in the crystal tide and clove  
With love-nerved arm the chill, elastic flood,  
And breathless landed on the distant beach.  
With dainty touch he culled the fragrant mead,  
And with bouquet of azure-tinted flowers,  
Like brave Leander strove to reach his love,

With jealous eyes the foam-engendered Naiads,  
Urged by the ferine demon of the depths,  
Had watched his course and marked him for their  
own;  
And now, from spangled caves and wave-flower  
haunts,  
They sought his presence with an arrowy speed  
That sheened the wavelets with phosphorent glow.  
In shining bands they gathered round his form,

And lapped in sportive dalliance, they wound  
Their watery arms around his bending neck ;  
Kissed with their clammy lips the beaded spray  
Which dewed itself about his wave-wooded mouth,  
And sung in rippling murmurs to his ears.  
In trailing cerements of willowy sedge,  
All foam-flake clustered round their limpid throats,  
Their misty heads with water-lilies crowned,  
The amorous Nereids all serenely came  
Insidious, and with their icy touch  
Cramped his limp limbs and charmed his strength  
away.

With sorrowing eyes he cast a lingering look  
Where strayed the object of his heart's desire.  
And, oh, the agony that shook his frame  
And pierced his soul with sorrow-shafts of dole,  
As on the beach he saw her kneeling form,  
With outstretched arms and agonizing lips  
Loud calling on the Virgin Queen of heaven  
To save him for the sake of her dear Son.  
Then ere he sunk to rise again no more,  
With frenzied arm impelled with dying power  
He broke the spell that drew him underneath,  
And flung toward the spot where kneeled his love  
The blue-hued flowers whose purchase was his life :  
He sunk away into the waiting arms

Which folded him in many a chill embrace,  
And bore him gently to the longing queen  
Empalaced in the mystery of the lake,  
While straying Zephyr wafted to the shore  
The wingéd words which bubbled from his lips :  
“Forget me not, sweet love, forget me not.”

From sighing reed the startled heron sprung  
On fluttering wings, and then, in circling swoop,  
It sought its nest with angry boding cry.  
The wild swans' matin flooded all the air  
With music sweet as is the voice of song  
When melting on the fervent soul of love ;  
Then all was silent, save a wave-sprite's sob,  
As, pityingly, she sought the fatal spot,  
Caught with her aqueous touch a straying flower,  
And, gliding onward with a murmuring plaint,  
Stole softly up the pebbled shore, and laid  
It gently at the frantic maiden's feet ;  
Then shrunk away in timid pulsings, till  
She sobbed herself to rest in tranquil depths,  
And passed, in dream, to heaven's celestial sea.  
With icy touch the maiden tenderly  
Pressed to her pallid lips the conscious flower  
Whose fragrant breath seemed burthened with the  
words,  
“Forget me not, sweet love, forget me not.”

The moonbeams sheened the waters, and the stars,  
All cold, and shivering, tipped each tranquil wave  
With starry crest, and gazed upon her form ;  
As, with self-chidings, eyes devoid of tears,  
She swooned away into a death-like trance :  
And there they found her, when, with measured  
                    strides,

The mailed retainers sought her straying feet,  
Drawn there by nightingale, which, by her side,  
On hazel spray, held sacred watch and sung  
A mournful descant fraught with love and death.

On frame of boughs they placed her pulseless form,  
Then sought with anxious steps the Castle's hall,  
Through whose arched portals swelled loud cries of  
                    woe

From quivering lips, which spake a mother's grief,  
As onward pressed the sire, an ancient Knight,  
With stormy brows and wrath so ill-concealed  
That they who followed after said he raved  
And clutched the cross-hilt of his pond'rous brand,  
And muttered imprecations fierce on those  
Who dared to lead her unto danger's path,  
Or harm a hair of her, his cherished pride.  
But when he gazed upon her prostrate form  
And wax-like features, pressed with seal of death,  
He kneeled beside her on the dewy sward,

And with his trembling fingers' soft caress,  
Drew from her forehead, chill, the clammy hair,  
And with wan lips pressed to her bloodless cheek,  
Told all his agony in blinding tears.

With solemn steps advanced St. Francis' monk.  
His snowy locks, escaping from his cowl  
Upon his breast, fell mingling with his beard;  
And as he gazed upon the touching sight,  
More mournful through the torches' ruddy glare,  
He turned away his head and deeply sighed.  
At his approach the sorrowing throng withdrew,  
Crossing their breasts; and with a silent vow  
Each vowed a gift unto his favorite saint  
If he would interpose and save her life,—  
For each one loved her more than passing well;  
Because, full oft, like messenger from heaven,  
When the red tide of onset had passed o'er,  
With skilful hands she staunch'd their oozing gore;  
And eased with herb and balm each smarting wound;  
And poured sweet consolation in their ears;  
And acts of kindness did to them and theirs  
Until they loved her with a love as great  
As manly hearts can yield to gentleness.

With kindly force the priestly healer turned  
The grieving sire from his heart's delight;



Then plied with wondrous skill the leech's art ;  
And, aided by elixir of great fame,  
Distilled from dewes and precious essences,  
And herbs of virtue, in chaste alembic,  
By patient Wisdom's peerless alchemist,  
In an enchanted cave of Araby :  
Thence brought by Pope-blessed pilgrim-missioned  
monk

In crystal vial ta'en from Egypt's King  
Entombed in heart of Sphinx-eyed pyramid,  
Purged of all heathenness and demon arts,  
And blessed to heaven and heaven's sweet designs,  
By saint whose soul had won immortal bliss  
Upon the flaming wings of martyrdom,—  
Soft wooed her spirit to its earthly shrine  
And stirred to breath the fountain of her life.

\* \* \* \* \*

But she ne'er smiled again. Though oft her praise  
By joyous minstrel, bard, and knight was sung  
At camp and court, and lance was lain in rest  
And axe and brand in tourney and in field  
Were raised to champion her as Beauty's queen ;  
Though princely suitors wooed with gifts and sighs,  
And at her footstool bent the stubborn knee,  
Unmoved she stood, a statue warm with life ;  
A mortal lily vow-betrothed to death,  
Whose heart was wave-enshrined and ever sighed

The silent language of the mystic flower,—  
“Forget me not, sweet love, forget me not.”

As way-worn pilgrim from the sacred shrine  
Bore on his bosom splinter of that cross  
Upon whose frame the Son of Glory died,  
So she, in gem-bossed locket, wore away  
The sad memento of undying love ;  
And ever to her yearning soul it sighed  
The mournful burden of that dying voice,—  
“Forget me not, sweet love, forget me not.”

By day she heard but this, and oft in dreams,  
When pitying Midnight kissed the world to sleep,  
That dying plaint would haunt her restless couch,  
And stir her to a deep and poignant grief.  
Nor long she bore the life-consuming care ;  
For like a dear and welcome visitor,  
Sweet Death, with gentle soothings, brought relief,  
And tranced her spirit to its longed-for rest.

Amid the buried grandeur of the past  
They laid her,—dust to dust,—and o’er her corse  
Reared monumental pile, whose marble front  
Was void of tribute from the artist’s hand  
Save sculptured flower upon a broken stem,  
And underneath, the words, “Forget me not.”

## BALLAD OF COLIN CLOVER.

THE eve was calm as mother Eve,  
As lovely and as fair,  
When Colin "guessed" he'd take a walk  
And with it take the air.

High on his head his hat he hung;  
Raised Uncle Abel's cane;  
Fired his meerschaum pipe, and strode  
With silence down Love's lane.

In stately rows above him rose  
Huge oak-trees gnarled and dense,  
Which threw their limbs and shadows o'er  
The fence without offence.

His cheerful mind strayed while he strayed,  
And 'scaped his lips in glee  
Which chorded in a sweet accord  
With Nature's minstrelsy.

His two-feet footsteps brought him to  
A fairy-haunted dell,  
Between whose flower-spangled slopes  
A babbling streamlet fell.

Upon its marge he sat him down  
In contemplative mood,  
Feeding his epicurean mind  
With intellectual food.

Then did his thoughts like birds fly through  
His sentimental brain,  
And, lighting on his ambered lips,  
Poured forth this sad complain :

Glide on, ye gentle waters, glide  
Toward the palmy South,  
And let the sorrow of your head  
Flow seaward through your mouth.

And as ye glance by mead and vale,  
Pregnate each wanton breeze  
With embryonic murmurs of  
The far-resounding seas.

Kiss the sweet flowers whose perfumed heads  
Find on thy bosom rest,  
And sigh when rude winds agitate  
The calmness of your breast.

Blush when the amorous glance of sun  
Invades thy bed, and sigh  
When hungry trout, by artful Art,  
Is caught out on a fly.

Remirror hill, cot, mill, and trees  
Which breathe thy murmurings;  
Reflect chaste Dian and her bow,  
With Saturn and his rings.

Thou'rt yet a rill, full soon to be  
A stream so deep and wide,  
That on thy tide will steamers steam,  
And knaves and navies ride.

Then brought to bay, through gulf thou'lt stray,  
Till, lost in ocean's waves,  
You'll answer to the breakers' whoop  
In melancholy staves.

Emblem of Time, whose solemn tide  
Bears life unto that sea  
Whose waters lave the dreamy shores  
Of dread Eternity.

Thus mused he, till a piercing shriek  
Assailed his drowsy ears,  
And stayed the current of his mind  
From running out in tears.

Thoughtless of gain, he gained his feet;  
Surveyed the country round;  
Then left his survey, hat and cane,  
To find the source of sound.

Down in the meadow, where the mead  
Filled chin-shine buttercups,  
He saw, beside a score of cows  
And gamb'ling lambs and pups,

A sight which iced his blood  
And froze him to a pause,  
While, like excited castanets,  
Chattered his sparse-haired jaws.

There, right before him, shrieking, flew  
On terror's frantic wings  
A red-frocked maid, pursued by bull  
Propelled by hornet stings.

Like Ivanhoe when Beckie called,  
He hastened to her aid,  
Whooping, like savage charging foe,  
To make the beast afraid.

"Oh, save me! save me!" gasped she;  
And staggering, in her charms,  
Beside herself, unto his side,  
Wilted within his arms.

With pressman's strength he raised her form,  
Both arms about her waist;  
Wasted no time, but, letter-like,  
Passed post and rail in haste.

On came the beast, with bellowing roar,  
A hundred rods behind,  
His nasal organ furrowing grass,  
His caudal winnowing wind.

Ne'er did gay Matadore bull-bait,  
At Seville or at Cadiz,  
A bull more moody in his mood,  
More frightful to the ladies.

Like the fierce Minotaur of Crete,  
He wanted human blood  
To quench his quenchless ire and thirst,  
And salivate his cud.

Ah! 'twas a stirring sight to see  
The strivings of that race,  
And mark the sweat-drops ooze, and course  
Down Colin's fear-flushed face;

To see his muscles on a swell;  
To eye his saucer eyes,  
Which looked for all the world just like  
A calf's eyes at demise.

His "swallow-tail," like streamer, flew  
Back with the virgin's dress,  
And Scrutiny, beneath, might see  
A signal of distress.

On, on he pressed. Unlike Lot's wife,  
He never looked behind,  
But forward to the pinewood fence  
For which his spirit pined.

Like Alcibiades of eld,  
He strove to win the goal,  
While, panorama-like, his life  
Flashed through his flutt'ring soul.

As he drew near to Safety's side,  
The beast drew near to him,  
Until life's chance, like waning star,  
Paled dim, dim, dimmer, dim.

He gained the fence. Recruiting strength,  
He raised his senseless load,  
And to old mother earth beyond  
His beauty he bestowed.

But ere, car-like, he jumped the rail,  
His bullship turned his steer,  
Which brought him with a *queue-de-grace*  
On his defenceless rear.

Alas! poor Colin! Temperate youth!  
His prospect was forlorn!  
He couldn't leave the cattle-bar  
Until he took a horn.



High in the air his father's heir  
Sped like a ball from gun,  
And though 'twas time for stars to shine,  
Yet rising was the son ;

Describing mathematic curves  
In summ'ry summerset,  
He halted, like tired troops at night,  
'Mongst stones, sand, grass, and wet.

Stunned for the moment there he lay,  
An humble layman ; he  
Had nearly ended his career  
Without doxology.

His scattered senses one by one  
Resought his aching head ;  
On his reserve for strength he called,  
To raise him from his bed.

He rubbed his eyes ; scratched rear ; felt ribs ;  
Then finger-ploughed his hair,  
Till satisfied, though 'ware of earth,  
He was not earthenware.

Urged by a kindly sympathy,  
He kneeled upon the sand ;  
Without felonious intent,  
He took the maiden's hand.

Though cold as zero, yet the touch  
Thrilled Venus through his frame,  
While Hymen fired his pulsing heart  
With love's ecstatic flame.

Enchantment held him with her spells,—  
Rome's saintliest anchorite  
Had lost his hold on heaven had he  
Beheld the luscious sight.

Her hair in glossy ringlets fell  
Around a neck which rose  
In queenly beauty from the sphere  
Where pleasure seeks repose.

Waxed alabaster seemed her face;  
Her voiceless lips apart,  
Vied with the ivory of her teeth  
To captivate his heart.

Her arrowy form seemed like a Fay's;  
Figment of Artist's brain,—  
Perfection all unconscious hid  
In folds of her delaine.

Alarmed, he raised a note of woe,  
And bore her to a bank  
Which broke, or seemed to issue from  
A water-lilied tank.

With whining voice and water bright  
He bathed her on champaign,  
And, sailor-like when ship makes port,  
He brought her to amain.

Life's necromancer, stealing through  
Her pearly veins so fair,  
The lilies from her cheeks bewitched,  
And conjured roses there.

As timid sunbeam, coyish, peeps  
From cloud of summer skies,  
So, from the windows of her soul,  
Peeped forth the glad surprise.

She moved, though 'twasn't moving day,  
And let a thrilling sigh  
Elope with one from Colin's breast,  
And with it seek the sky.

Peach-blossom blushes frolicked o'er  
Her cheeks in rosy play,  
While smiling smiles, in amorous mood,  
Beguiled his care away.

In voice attuned to peacock air,  
Ejaculated she,  
"If 't hadn't been for you, kind sir,  
A spirit now I'd be.

“Ten thousand times ten thousand thanks  
To you I now impart,  
Yet they can ne’er express to you  
The tribute of my heart.

“My name is Dolly Rural, sir,  
Squire Truly Rural’s daughter ;  
I’m visiting my uncle Sam,  
Whose house stands by yon water.

“As I meandered down the lane,  
To gather home the cows,  
I thought I’d take the nearest cut  
Across that critter’s browse.

“You know the rest as well as me,—  
But, oh, good laud a massy !  
I never dreamed Dad Grimshaw’s bull  
Was so confounded sassy.”

Dispelled the charm. Brave Colin’s heart  
Fluttered like wind-stirred flag,  
Causing his head and hand to give  
A sentimental wag.

His love oozed out. His ardor cooled  
Like melted sealing-wax ;  
He didn’t feel like Eucherer feels,  
With ace and both the jacks.

But arm in arm he led her then  
Unto her uncle's gate;  
Squeezed both her hands; thrice kissed "good-night;"  
Then left, though pressed to wait.

\* \* \* \* \*

From that time forward, Colin was  
To Doll a welcome guest;  
To please him she, with pa and ma,  
Essayed their level best.

And all the neighbors, far and near,  
From White's to Browns's patch,  
Winked, while each to other said,  
"They'll surely make a match."

Now Sentiment would make two one,  
Likewise a lass, alas!  
But Truth bids Honesty proclaim,  
It never came to pass.

For twelve months after,—more or less,—  
Bold Colin went his way;  
Nor tarried long before he wed  
The rich young widow Grey.

And Dollie? She got “spliced” to Joe,—

Dad Grimshaw’s youngest son,—

Though often Colin and the bull

Through her mind’s eye would run.

Then all the gossips thereabouts,

With shrug, and eyes aglow,

Mouthed, “Pooh! I knew they’d never mate,—

I always told you so.”

## LOVE IN A PALACE.

SCENE.—*A Parlor in a lordly English mansion.*

IN parlor, throned in royal state,  
On velvet-cushioned tête-à-tête,  
The lovers in a golden revery sat,  
Exhausting all the luxury of chat,  
And listening to the humming birds and bees  
Whose buzzings floated through the waving trees.

Across the carpets wove with Orient dyes,  
Whene'er the gauzy curtains, zephyr-swayed,  
Let in a straying sunbeam from the skies,  
They watched it come and go, and dusk, and fade,  
Awhile the spirits of the odorous breeze  
Danced lightly o'er the grand piano's keys.

Out through the open lattice, rose-embowered,  
And honeysuckle-twined, and jasmine-flowered,  
They saw, at foot of purple-mantled hills,  
The river's glimmer,—heard the laugh of rills,  
Till o'er an ocean of voluptuous bliss  
Their fancies floated in a love-born kiss.

About them gold-set mirrors frescos showed,  
And imaged to their eyes rare works of art,  
Which fed their minds with pleasure till they glowed  
And warmed to love, the language of the heart.

Sweet "Genevieve," with saintly smile,  
Gazed on them from her framed recess,  
While near them, with her lips of guile,  
"Lucretia" wooed the fiend's caress.

Brave "Boadicea," Briton's pride,  
Leaned near "Rowena," Hengist's bride;  
While o'er them rare "Godiva" rode,  
"In shower-bath of golden hair,"  
Through streets where breathless Silence strode;  
While peeping Tom, with blasted sight,  
Writhed in the agonies of night,  
And cursed the noontide's glare.

There, in the pride of womanhood,  
On dizzy copestone of the tower,  
With scornful lips, "Rebecca" stood,  
Defying Guilbert's haughty power.

Anear them, framed elaborately,  
Stern "Canute" sat beside the sea,  
Bidding the savage white-crest waves  
Retire, quiescent, to their caves.



Beyond, crazed Lear's emaciate form,  
His white hairs flowing with the wind,  
Defied, on heath, the "naughty" storm,  
And poured his curses on mankind.

On other hand, by windmills' mote  
Rode Sancho and brave Don Quixote;  
And, as companions, "Hudibras  
And Ralpho," when they first rode forth  
In warlike guise and stained cuirass,  
To scourge the "Godless" of the North.

Before them, loving "Romeo  
And Juliet" in a fond embrace,  
Shunning the moon's effulgency,  
Stood in the dusk of secrecy,  
Their fluttering spirits all aglow,  
With heart to breast and cheek to face;

And on them they both fixed their gaze  
And dreamed the love of other days,  
Until, in warm caress,  
Like Zephyr wantoning in flower,  
In bliss they breathed "a vast half-hour"  
Amid the silentness.

The marble Venus by their side  
Approved their rapturous bliss,  
While Cupid, with a lover's pride,  
Seemed light and airily to glide  
His Psyche loved to kiss.

Attendant Fays, delirious with the sight,  
Floated upon the crystal waves of light;  
And music, disenthralled from prison strings  
Of jewel-fretted harp; then, folding wings,  
They sighed a rapturous melody,  
Caught from the pearl-lipped shells of sea,  
While fretful one, æolianly,  
Whispered, "Straying honey bee,  
Away! it seemeth ill to thee  
In a parlor thus to seek  
Rosy bloom of virgin cheek.  
Reckless, teasing fly, astray,  
From her presence stay away!

Death, and that, too, suddenly,  
From Love's hand will come to thee,  
If thou, wanton, chance to rest  
On the chasteness of her breast,  
Or from chalice of her lip  
Undertake to filch a sip

Of Elysian ecstasy  
Nurtured there for Love, not thee,  
Which he guardeth jealously."

Then agitated sylphs of bloom,  
Swinging censers of perfume,  
Athrough the silence of the room,  
Chaunted, as they breathed their sighs,  
And felt the influence of their eyes,  
    "Oh, essence of deliciousness!  
    Oh, heaven of earthly happiness!  
See! see! they drink!—how dreamily!—  
The wine of love pressed from the grapes  
Which purple with their joys the capes  
Laved by the waves of Arcadie!  
Cease, throbbing heart, and list Love's feet  
Fall, tinkling, to the luscious greet.  
See! bubbling, upward floats a kiss,  
Freighted with sighs and hallowed bliss;  
Waft it, oh, waft it, spirits, straight  
To Dian's court by heaven's gate."

Evanished they with faint melodious sighing,  
When from an oleander's scent came flying  
A wingéd voice, which carolled amorously  
To the soft flutes of Fairy minstrelsy,—

“Warbling sprite of gilded bars,  
Save your warble for the stars;  
Locust, cease your grating drone,  
Grasshopper, your monotone;  
Katydid, your sad complaint  
Keep for ear of pitying saint;  
Alabastered Niobe,  
Wed to fountain cunningly,  
Dry your eyes and cease to weep  
While you croon yourself to sleep;  
For ye but disturb the rest  
Of Love, who loveth silence best.”

Then from the hills of Echo, far remote,  
A still-born whisper, halcyonly, did float;  
And, floating, murmured so delicious clear,  
That Fancy caught these words on raptured ear:

“Zephyr, fold your sultry wing  
And cease your airy gossiping;  
Myth of air and elf of breeze,  
Curb your tipsy jollities;  
Mite of dusk and mote of beam,  
Vain Ephemera of gleam,  
Strangle your hilarity  
And for the moment cease to be;  
Revellers in Thought’s domain,  
All your gypsyings\_restrain,

Lest ye, with concerted breath,  
Bring to an untimely death  
The single thought which doth obtain  
Possession of the lover's brain."

Imagination, with a sigh  
As fond as mother's lullaby,  
Spake through the marble lips of Venus, nigh  
The pair, whose glowing souls absorbed in sky,  
Heard neither knock nor telephone's soft cry:  
"Proud magnolia, your scent  
Self-absorb, and somnolent  
Poppy-Peris, stay awhile  
The subtle glamour of your guile;  
Pansied heart's-ease, your vain sighing  
Cease, lest start ye Love's thoughts flying;  
Wilding Fancy, floating free  
Through the mind's tranquillity,  
Siesta take ye now, nor call  
Precious memories from pall;  
Weird Enchantment, work the spell  
Which Experience knoweth well;  
Sunbeam, stay your glittering,—  
Each and every sound take wing;  
Bird, fount, flower, thought, and gleam,  
Conspire to sweeten Love's young dream."

Thrilled to her bosom's core, her hand,  
All love-a-tremble, then he pressed  
To his pale lips and pulsing breast;  
As if at conjurer's command,  
Upbubbled from her well of sighs  
Into the sunlight of her eyes,  
Her beamy soul, which, sparkling, fell  
In showers on his kneeling form,  
Like subtleness of magic spell  
On passions rapturously warm:  
And then she breathed the witchery  
Of love's delicious sorcery,  
While he, like captive bird when beauty flings  
Her jewelled fingers o'er its prisoned wings,  
All trembling whispered to her ravished ear  
Th' impassioned words Love ever hopes to hear:

“Wilt thou be mine, love? Deign reply!  
Speak, dearest, speak, else will I die!  
Charm of my soul,—my amulet!  
Consent to be my Juliet.  
Speak, darling, speak, my soul, in gloom,  
Impatient waits to hear its doom:  
Life of my life,—love's violet!  
Oh, say thou'lt be my Juliet!”

Cupid, enraptured, whirled in ecstasy  
And effervesced champagneously,

Frisking in pantomime; and as he boomed  
He twanged his bow, his wanton shaft replumed,  
Smiling the while a mirth-provoking smile,  
Delicious as the subtlety of guile;  
And in delirium of joy, his dart  
He pointed *point-blank* at his mother's heart;  
But she ne'er stirred nor heeded him at all.  
Mutely entranced, she leaned from pedestal,  
Gazing with marble gaze on mirrored wall  
At her own image, which, imbued with life  
By ardent sun-god, watched the amorous strife  
Pervading, with her influence, the pair,  
Absorbing all the wine-bouquet of air.  
Sighing ambrosially and chaste  
As, spirit-urged, about her virgin-waist  
He wound his eager arm, voluptuously,  
And drew her to himself,—Divinity,  
Which pilots Love o'er Passion's lustful sea  
And safely harbors it in chastity;  
Spirit, whose cohorts guard the citadel  
Where Modesty and Purity do dwell,  
Be on alert! 'Tis now Fate weaves the spell  
Which wafts the soul to bliss, or warps to hell;  
And you, celestial Harmonist, set free  
The enamoured soul of heavenly Harmony,  
And bid her in sweet dream of melody  
Sigh to the mind a mystic rhapsody,

And to the mind reveal where, of lust shorn,  
Passion expires and guileless love is born :  
Yea, to our blunted senses demonstrate,—  
    As palpable as light unto the eye,  
    Or mist when mingling with the morning sky,—  
The blending of two souls, decreed by Fate  
To pass united through this mortal state,  
    And through the changes of eternity.

Exuded from the fragrant atmosphere,  
As noiselessly as oozes Pity's tear,  
All daintily arrayed in sundusk gear,  
A troop of wayward fancies, exquisite,  
Who, charging all the air with subtle wit,  
Conjured to smile the Demon of despair,  
And charmed the wrinkles from the brow of Care ;  
And with the Fancies came, bewitchingly,  
A tawny rout of truant Phantasies,  
Who, mixing with the teeming Atomies  
Which haunt the tissues of the Poet's brain,  
And thrill the soul with Love's ecstatic pain,  
Filled with their presence the enamoured air  
Which wrapped in warm embrace the happy pair,  
    To feast, if might be, on the dulcet sound  
    Made by the expected word from hearts profound,  
The golden answer to Love's ardent prayer.



Nestling within her mind, like fledgling bird  
Loath to depart from mother's fond caress,  
Where all is loving care and tenderness,—  
The magic Word remained, nor breathed, nor stirred,  
Though freighted with a vast, sweet, fierce desire  
To gain the wooer's heart and quench its amorous fire.  
Entangled in bewilderment it dozed,  
Awhile the portals of her mind were closed ;  
Till, spirit-stirred, as star-beam in eclipse  
Struggles to gain the day, it struggled to her lips  
While lovingly her dainty finger-tips,  
Unconscious, trifled with th' emblazoned crest  
Which flashed and glittered from his throbbing breast ;  
And there it perched in blushing ecstasy,  
An airy waif on mount of Mystery,  
Dreaming irradiant dreams unutterable,  
Wishing that naught but death might break the spell ;  
Fondly desiring, yet coyish to betray,  
The secret of her soul, shrined in its heart, that gave  
the maid away.

Then, like an incense from the altar, where  
The contrite spirit pleads with fervent prayer,  
Athrough the casements of the lordly room,  
Insinuatingly evolved a rare perfume,  
Which, stifling all the odors of the bloom,  
Filled each existence with a rare delight,  
Provocative of earthly appetite,

And crooned to mind of that fair realm away  
Beyond the blissful valleys of Cathay,  
Where Alph, the sacred river, purling, runs  
O'er diamond sands, beneath proud Kubla's suns,  
Where, pleading, bow Urania's vestal nuns,  
And at Devotion's shrine evoked the god of fire  
To grant each devotee their heart's desire;  
And with th' exhilarating fragrance came,  
Like Fay exhaled from bog-sprite's lambent flame,  
A wee lithe figure, garbed in spotless white,  
With flowing curls by amber witches spun  
From the mild radiance of the waning sun,  
Whose glimmer, shimmering through the curtain's lace,  
Bopeeped with smiles, which, bee-like, swarmed his face,  
And aureoled his brows, till dazzled sight  
Might deem him a beatified delight  
By Mercy's gracious will from heaven sent,  
To be to man a sweet encouragement.  
Urged by sly Puck, who, since the peep of day  
Sporting with Ariel and the culprit Fay,  
Had chased Illusions round the coral shores  
Of Madagascar and the bright Azores;  
And who, from home of wind, on highest cliff  
Of sun-ray-crowned and cloud-girt Teneriffe,  
Had flashed on wings of light to England's coast,  
Ere dying day had shadowed to a ghost;  
And bent on mischief, sped in haste away  
To that fair mansion innocently gay,

Where, 'scaping guardian Love's elusive snare,  
He sought the presence of the loving pair,  
Toying a moment with her wealth of hair,  
And then found lodgement in the urchin's mind,  
Which filled he with the whimsies of the wind.  
Silent, as flow of light through the effulgency,  
O'er Oriental velvets tip-toed he ;  
Now hidden by this statue, now that chair,  
He glided onward, like a shape of air,  
Until, by screen of Arras tapestry,  
Which portrayed Cœur-de-Leon's chivalry,  
He stood, and, chuckling with boycotted glee,  
Gazed on the lovers steeped in ecstasy.

Love's tongue, delirious, was quivering to utter  
The golden word, when mouse-like squeak and flutter  
Disturbed the silence, and on lover's ear  
Fell with a nervous jar. Again, more clear,  
As like a shaft of light from Dian's bow,  
Sped from the screen, with eyes and cheeks aglow,  
The urchin, shouting most hilariously,  
"Oh, Auntie Gertrude! Ha, he, he!  
I saw him kiss you! Come now, come to tea ;  
Her Highness, gloomy grand and silently,  
Impatient waits. Oh my, you needn't blush !  
Your tell-tale rosy face is all a-flush !

Ma telephoned you thrice; she did, ay, thrice!  
And I was sent to usher you in twice;  
But then I came at my own sovereign will,—  
Oh my! how cross you look! I can't be still!  
Ha, ha! how close he hugged you! He! he! he!  
Don't linger longer, do come out to tea!  
Aunt Bess once said,—ah, now you smile!—  
Love is but wind,—all lovers' words are guile,—  
You needn't curl your lips at me in scorn;—  
Or look like House that Jack built's maid forlorn;  
For pa told ma, last night, he only wished  
That coming wedding might be quickly dish'd;  
Or, if it did transpire, he hoped the groom  
Had more to live on than his helmet's plume,—  
What 'tis he meant, I'm sure I do not know.  
Oh, dearest aunt, your face is like the snow;  
And yours, my lord, with savage flame's aglow."

The encaged mock-bird, urged to mimicry,  
Disturbed the stillness with rude mockery,  
And saucy parrot, stirred from revery,  
Shrieked, "Auntie Gertrude! He, he, he!  
I saw him kiss you! Come now, come to tea."  
As from the lawn a peacock, haughtily,  
Spread pridefully his tail, for all to see;  
While from the paddock, by the greenwood tree,  
An amorous donkey brayed vociferously.

## THE ENCHANTERS; OR, THE DANCE OF DEATH.

ON the swarded slope of a sylvan lake  
Which spread like a mirror, without a break  
Of ruffling ripple or foamy flake;

In the sombre haze of a castled steep,  
O'er whose crags the shadows had ceased to creep,  
And with the coy breezes had gone to sleep

On campus where neighbors, to 'scape the heat,  
Assembled to feast, or tippie, and greet,  
Or chase the fleet moments with twinkling feet;

All shrivelled and wrinkled, gaunt, sallow, and gray,  
In tattered garments of fustian stood they  
Beside the cathedral, and carolled a lay.

Whence came they, neighbor? But none of them  
knew

Whether exhaled from the air, like the dew,  
Or whether like pestilent toadstools they grew.

And their grisly dog, with his eyes of crime,  
And snarling fangs!—did he ooze from the slime?  
Or glide, like a snake, from the reeking grime?

The harper's fingers, aged, weary, and thin,  
Waxed motionless; and the garrulous din  
Died out with the sigh of the mandolin.

The expectant throng stood in breathless awe,  
As out from his bosom they saw him draw  
A grinning skull with a chattering jaw.

Then she, in the face of the dazed crowd, shook  
Her tambourine with a menacing look,—  
Hooted from minster the owl, cawed the rook!

As twilight flooded his Nazarene beard,  
A dirge he chaunted, sad, solemn, and seared,  
And up in the gray air the skull he reared,

Where, unsupported, it shook and quivered;  
From its eyeless sockets a fierce light rivered;—  
With fear the astonished villagers shivered,

As out of its brainless hollow it shook  
Its skeleton frame. Then the color forsook  
Each crimsoned cheek, and wild waxed each look.

E'en the barefoot friar, from his revery,  
Arose from his vigil 'neath headman's tree,  
And with pale lips conned o'er his breviary;

While simple Fritz turned his addled head,  
Crossed his throbbing breast with an insane dread,  
And into the gloom of the cloister fled.

Then slow to the "thrum" of the tambourine,  
With a ghoulish grin and a vamp'rish mien,  
The live-death waltzed round th' enchanted green.

Like the sea-fire glowed its clattering bones,  
The gales, as they touched them, expired in moans,  
And the ghost of the eve sighed in monotones.

The frail flowers withered beneath its tread,  
The sensitive grasses their greenness shed,  
And the fragrance of clover escaped and fled.

The evening star, with a tremulous shimmer,  
As it shone through the haze, waned dim and dimmer,  
And the red moon rose with portentous glimmer.

While maidens shrunk from its presence and sighed,  
Each matron clung to her husband's side,  
And the children hid in their bosoms and cried.

E'en the saintly seer of the village shook  
With an aguish dread, as he caught its look,  
And kissed devoutly his relic and book.

In unison with his tremulous hand  
The Enchanter waved his magical wand,  
When, like a trained cobra on Indian strand,

The Elf-death swayed with the dreamy motion  
Of sullen wave of an angered ocean,  
And began to dance with a fierce emotion.

Round and around like an air-whirl it flew,  
Till th' encrimsoned atmosphere burned blue,  
And painted each face with a ghastly hue.

Then quick the Enchantress, surged to and fro,  
Made her soul with a thrill through her music flow,  
With fascination her eyes all aglow.

Then the white-fanged dog, near his master's feet,  
Pawed the torrid earth, and, cruel as sleet,  
Growled fierce as a thwarted tiger in heat.

And then, while he bristled his wiry hair,  
His glances flashed through the lurid air,  
While he sneaked and couched, like a lion in lair,

By the side of the crone. Faster, still faster,  
The Elf-death whirled round the Sphinx-eyed master,  
Whose features glittered like alabaster.



The affrighted airs through his bleached bones hissed  
Like angered asps, and the poisonous mist  
Rose from the ground with a sinuous twist

That spiralled each bone with a frantic ire,  
Till it clomb to and haloed its skull with fire,  
Which shone like the wraith of a funeral pyre.

Beneath the tread of its clattering feet  
The lush turf shrivelled, like sun-scorched wheat,  
And the flint-sands glowed with a fervent heat.

The wine-guzzling, mailed retainers, three,  
Who unhelmed sat in the grapery  
Of "The Margrave's Arms," steeped in revelry,

Their janglings ceased, and in wild dismay  
Upset their horn cups, and with lips ash-gray  
To the Mother of Jesus essayed to pray.

And the jerkined lout who the troopers served,  
Aghast with fear, from his balance swerved,  
Dropped his goat-skin flagon, and sunk unnerved.

E'en the valorous burgomaster shook  
Like a ghost-scared child, and his schnapps forsook,  
As he fainted away 'neath its fiendish look.

Shriller the voice of the sorceress grew,  
Till it pierced, like sorrow, each dazed brain through,—  
Swifter and swifter the live-death flew.

Its white arms, like flails, the ambient air  
Threshed, till it shone with a torturing glare  
And electrified the Enchanter's hair,

Till it rose from his scalp a sheaf of light,  
And luminous made the shuddering night,—  
Each face grew green and ashen and white.

Then the hideous hag, with a frantic bound,  
Shot, like a shaft of hell, from the ground,  
And whirled in a flame-mist the live-death round.

Twirling, she shrieked a horrible stave,  
With blasphemy charged, and full of the grave,  
Like the shriek of demon beneath hell's wave.

Then her tambourine, with a sudden flare,  
Evanished in smoke, and into thin air,  
But its goblin music still lingered there.

Still lingered there, while plain to the view  
Her leprous flesh turned a scarlet hue,  
And in blood-red sparks from her gaunt frame flew,

Till all of her fleshless bones, absolved  
From the dross of earth, like a star, dissolved,  
Around the Enchanter's form revolved.

Then Katharina, the nine-months' bride,  
The beloved of all, each villager's pride,  
So tender-hearted and heavenly-eyed,

From the sweet retreat of her husband's breast  
Passed in a swoon to her blissful rest,  
And the unborn soul of her babe caressed.

But bound by the spell was the crowd, and dazed,  
That it little heeded the shriek, half crazed,  
Which the anguished soul of the bridegroom raised.

Nor more, did it heed the dull mutterings  
Of the storm, nor the bird-wing flutterings,  
Nor the watch-dogs' querulous utterings,

Nor mark the sough of the lake, wind-stirred,  
Nor the ominous "hoot" of Minerva's bird,  
Which flashed through the gloom as if fury-spurred,

Nor the bleat of sheep, nor the bellow of kine,  
Nor the snort of the stallion, 'neath cloven pine,  
Nor the shrill, sharp grunt from the herd of swine.

Then the snarling dog-ghoul, with hideous scowl,  
To the parched earth crouched, with a sullen growl,  
Which rose in a scale to an angry howl,

Upflew like a fiend of insanity,  
All blotched with the plague-spots of leprosy,  
At the breast of the flesh-covered mystery,

And tore therefrom, with his fangs and claws,  
The quivering heart, which, with gnash and gnaws,  
He carried away in his blood-stained jaws.

With a cry like the wail of a spirit lost,  
The heartless Enchanter his wand uptossed,  
When it changed to a wyvern as white as frost,

Which winged to a crimsoned mist, which then  
Arose from the lake, like a death-light from fen,  
And flashed, with a hiss, through the weird wolf's glen;

While he, with his phosphorent flesh ablaze,  
Sped meteor-like through the pestilent haze,  
In pursuit of the dog in his devious ways.

Whirled fiercely the live-death and fleshless witch  
Through an air as murk as the fumes of pitch,  
Round wizard and dog, which, like maddened bitch,

Shook the bloody foam from his jaws, as his hair  
Shot from his hide through the luminous air,  
Like needles of fire through furnace's glare.

Then his rotten flesh dissolved to a dew,  
And that to a upased vapor, which flew  
On the wings of the gales, the gray airs through.

But his basilisk eyes and his blood-red tongue  
To their chalky sockets and jawbones clung,  
Like consumption's leech to a putrid lung.

Amid the glamour, the villagers gazed  
With a vacant stare; and, with brains bedazed,  
Followed the three, aghast and amazed.

Moaned the wind-stirred lake like a world in pain;  
Groaned the shuddering trees, quaked the palsied plain;  
Surged the rock-ribbed hills like a storm-tossed main;

Flowed from cathedral, through window and spire,  
The groaning of organ, the wail of the lyre,  
And "Dies Iræ" of sorrowing choir;

While, from pillared aisles and from many a cell,  
Cowled monks emerged, and with torch, and with bell,  
Sought the green by the castled citadel.

Dolorously tolled from belfry a knell  
From whose waves of sound wingéd heralds of hell,  
Shook from their fire-plumed pinions a spell

Which fell on the monks, as a withering blight  
Falls on the bloom of the fields by night;  
Quaked they with dolor and blanched they with fright

As the great fierce eyes, all purple and bleared,  
Into their souls through their dazed eyes peered,  
While, fading in night, they mockéd and jeered,

And shrieked, as from ivy-walled Abbey there came,  
Like visions of light through the blue of the flame,  
The white-robed nuns, who, with loud exclaim,

Besought the Virgin to soften the ire  
Of the Holy One in His wrath of fire,  
And accord His will to their weak desire.

The flitting frames of the dancing three  
Ceased their gyrations, and amorously  
Clasped their glowing hands, while deliriously

They danced the witching Walpurgis of Death,  
Throbbéd the great heart of Nature; winds held their  
breath,  
And afar the "Wild Huntsman" swept over the heath.

But faster, still faster and faster they flew,  
Till their weird forms were blent; and, like cyclone,  
                  they drew

In the whirl, one by one, of the crowd. And then grew

More frantic the dance,—monk, nun, burger, and crone,  
Maid, soldier, and child, with a desolate groan,  
Flashed fast through the gloom to the music of moan.

Then the gorgoned dog, charged with maniac ire,  
Sprung at the throat of child, matron, and sire,  
And bore them to earth, which, with sulphurous fire,

Shuddered and heaved with an earthquake spasm,  
Which fissured the hills with a horrible chasm,  
And convulsed the lake to a wild phantasm.

The brazen skies flashed to an intense glare,  
Which paralyzed all the enchanted air,  
Till, awakened to life by a simoon's fierce blare,

It charged with malignance the atmosphere,  
Which stupefied all with sepulchral fear,  
That froze at their fountains each woful tear.

Then out of the storm-dazzled hazes came,  
On fiery charger, as scarlet as shame,  
The Angel of Death, with his sword of flame;

And then as the dog, in his furious wrath,  
Covered with victims his desolate path,  
Smote them as David, the giant of Gath.

Through the lurid vapors, their wraiths, all askew,  
Fled shrieking and praying. Then out of the yew,  
Midst blackness of darkness, a firebolt flew,

Like a blighting curse, to the banquet hall  
Of the lordly castle, whose turrets so tall  
O'ershadowed the bounds of the village wall,

And then as the princely Margrave arose  
From his dais'd throne, and made loud propose  
To vassal and guest, who, in tabled rows,

Steeped in wassail, sat in the flambeau's glare,  
With courtly graces, and maudlin stare,  
To drink joy and health to the new-born heir.

Blared trumpet, clashed cymbals, and minstrelsy,  
Shook the antique rafters with roisterous glee,  
And the fool's bells jangled with revelry.

Chimed silver tankard and goblet of gold  
Euphoniously; but, ere palates could mould  
The wine to their taste, the thunder-shell rolled



Above them and burst. With the new-born's name  
On their shrivelled lips, 'neath the lambent flame,  
Sunk blasted and withered each stalwart frame.

Leaped, like vaulting demons from Fury's glance,  
The subtle fluid from sword's point and lance,  
While on harness of battle it sparkled in dance,

And wreathed with red horrors the trophies of war;  
Rare tapestries, arts; then out of each door  
And embrasure it surged with a terrified roar.

By spirit hands swayed, the alarum bell  
Of the castle uttered a dolorous knell,  
And the wind-torn banner and pennons fell,

As copestone of tower went crashing through  
To the vaulted hall, where, with chosen few,  
The mother and babe, on mattress of rue,

Reclined. God of mercy, avert! Do not slay!  
Pity!—Crushed, bleeding and mangled they lay,—  
No absolution! Nor time there to pray.

As a tempest-tossed bark, bereft of rudder,  
Struck by fierce blast, careers with wild shudder,  
So the bolt-struck earth quaked, like bee-stung udder.

Then, from chancel, crypt, and sarcophagus,  
From church-yard and death-field miraculous,  
With groanings and chatterings clamorous,

The dusky shades of departed men  
Emerged, like illusions from haunted glen,  
And flashed into dance on the 'wildered ken.

With loathful antics and grotesque bound,  
They waltzed the flaming Death-Angel around,  
While their murmurings startled the dim profound.

Quickened to life, those by Death's cur laid low  
All fleshless uprose; and, with frames all aglow,  
They joined in the dance to the music of woe.

The angered skies glowed with the intense glare  
Of a meteor-star. And the powers of air  
Deliriously shrieked, as with flaming hair

They fiend-like flashed, with an impeded grimace,  
And illumed an instant the dimness of space,  
Then fell they to nothing, as angels from grace.

Then the blazing clouds whirled down with fierce  
roar

To the seething lake, raised its waves, and bore  
Them beyond the bounds of the quaking shore,

And burst o'er the village; wall, mansion, and tower,  
Cathedral, and mart, succumbed to its power,—  
Until nothing remained of stone, tree, or flower.

E'en the blasted walls of the castle fell  
With a crash that startled the Cæsar of hell,—  
Floated the dancers through valley and dell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Peeped red, through the rifts of the storm, a star,  
While echoed from heavenly gates ajar  
A trumpet's blast. Flashed a radiant bar

Across the skies. Then the wild dance of death  
Ceased, and the dream-gendered shadows of breath  
Died out,—so the black-letter legend saith.



EPISODES IN THE LIFE  
OF  
ALLIEGUNDABAGO,  
GREAT CÆSAR AND ATOTARHO  
OF THE  
ALGONQUIN ARASAPHAS.

A nation of copper-skinned humans, who, in prehistoric years, held undisputed sway over all the lands stretching from the river Hochelaga (St. Lawrence) to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains, the same having the seat of their empire planted above the present site of Philadelphia, their grand council lodge covering the spot (then an eminence) now occupied by the new city buildings, at the intersection of Market and Broad Streets.

ALLIEGUNDABAGO :

EPISODE No. 1. THE MASTODON.

EPISODE No. 2. OFF CAPE COD.

EPISODE No. 3. A DREAM HE DREAMED.



## ALLIEGUNDABAGO.

MAJESTIC was his form. His height  
Exceeded Europe's men of might ;  
And in his elbows, neck, and knees,  
Reposed the strength of Hercules.  
His hair, as dark as starless night,  
Was gloss as peacock anthracite,  
And flowed, in gleaming falls of jet,  
Down to his breech-clout's belteret.  
On either side, from high cheek-bone,  
His massive forehead swelled and rose,  
Above a wide, heroic nose,  
Which breathed on thin lips cold as stone.  
Athrough his voice a torrent flowed  
Of words which eloquently glowed ;  
While from his eyes, like radiant gems,  
Where passion's fiery lightnings slept,  
The living brightness flashed and leapt,  
And played like glint of diadems.  
Each cheek disclosed, in vermeil red,  
A tattooed snapping-turtle's head,—  
The totem of his race,  
And symbol of his place ;—

And on his brawny breast, blue seared,  
A rampant rattlesnake upreared  
In striking attitude.  
Around his burly neck was geared  
A snake-skin necklace rude,  
Worked o'er with fangs from serpents' jaws  
And eagle scalps and grizzlies' claws  
And scolloped figures, crude.  
His pow'rful arms were armleted  
With dragon scales, worked on in red,  
And tawny belzerene.  
His pliant wrists were braided round  
With wampum bracelets set and wound  
With pearls of ocean's sheen.  
Drooped from his waist a philibeg  
Of deerskin wrought by Winnipeg,  
Of bloody Arkansaw.  
His sinewy legs were buff'lo-thonged ;  
His supple ankles clasped and tonged  
With hooks from vultures' claw.  
His noble feet were moccasined  
With leather lightning-tanned and skinned  
From pterodactyl's back.  
When on the war-path's sinuous trail  
He swept along like angered gale,  
His limbs were smutched with black.



And from his scalp-lock's crimsoned crest  
A Phoenix' plume, in wild unrest,  
Dallied on breeze's wing.

Of polished hickory was his spear,  
Tipped with antler bone of deer,  
Scraped keen as hornet's sting.

An iron-wood club, with knotted head,  
Spiked with an elk-horn, sanguine red,  
His stalwart shoulders decked.

Hung from his body-belt of hide  
Obsidian knife, and axe beside,  
With scarlet feathers flecked.

His matchless bow, of bone and ash,  
Swung at his back with birch-bark quiver,  
Held by a crystal-beaded sash,

Which gleamed in sun like beam-kissed river.

His pipe, of redstone carved, was worn  
With his tobacco-box of horn,  
A near his pouch of sugared corn.

His skill was wonderful with hatchet;  
None ever born of flesh could match it;  
And with the knife and war-club, he  
His equal never lived to see.

The war-path's devious ways he trod,  
Like an avenging heathen god.

The conflict was his chief delight ;  
He revelled in the air of fight ;  
And, like the steed of battle,  
He snuffed the foeman from afar,  
And onward dashed, like Jove-hurled star,  
'Mid noise of gong and rattle.  
When ambuscade his lines unrolled,  
His deeds were awful to behold ;  
And when surprise or grim *mêlée*  
Coaxed his plumed braves from rock or tree,  
Hell clapped its hands and screamed with glee.  
Amid the storm of blows he stood,  
Like giant oak 'mid sapling wood,  
Defying thunderbolt and wind,  
And all the rage of human kind.  
His followers, like tidal flood,  
Surged o'er the land, knee-deep in blood,  
And worked his sanguinary will,  
From Mexico to Quebec's hill.  
Where'er he raided, sovereign wrath  
Whirled, like a cyclone, on its path ;  
And grim destruction, wreck, and death,  
Lived in the tempest of his breath.

But in his grisly presence, there  
Rang horrid whoop ; rose frightened hair ;  
Shone scarlet scalps ; gleamed bosoms bare ;

Gushed blood; oozed brains; flew shrieking  
ghosts;  
Hacked limbs; and flames of torture-posts;  
Fell mournful showers of maidens' tears,  
Shed for their grandames 'paled on spears;  
There raged the battle's din, and hum  
Of the weird powwow's tum-e-tum;  
The blaze of wigwam, and the glare  
Of burning forests; maize-fields bare  
Of pumpkins, squashes, beans, and corn,—  
Naught there but orphans, all forlorn,  
And spirits of the blasted heath,  
*Sans* everything but skull and teeth;  
Triumphant chaunt of victory;  
The craven's shriek of agony;  
The laugh and dance of revelry;  
The squawk of squaws; dog's yelp, and whine;  
The taunt of death-song; grunt of swine,  
And all else in the category  
Of roaring, first-class, Indian story.

EPISODE No. 1.

THE MASTODON.

The skeleton of which was found in a marsh near Newburgh, N. Y., and set up by Dr. Warren, of Boston. It now stands in the British Museum, and is the wonder of all who behold it.

WITH Shackamaxon of the Oaks,  
Hunting for "spuds" and artichokes,  
While cracking heels and nuts and jokes,  
By falls of Manayunk ;  
They paused a moment, in their glee,  
'Neath Conshohocken's council-tree  
To sing "Coc-ca-che-lunk,"  
When on their startled hearing fell,  
Like whizz of ball or burst of shell  
On sleeping camp at night,  
A dolorous roar, surcharged with hell,  
Which, like an icy terror, fell  
And chilled their souls with fright ;  
And when, in fulness of dismay,  
They sought their feet to run away,  
They scarce could stand upright ;  
And, ere they'd time to launch a pun  
Or 'jaculate Jack Robinson,

Through morning's dewy light,  
Flashed on their 'wildered sight  
An earthquake-breeding mastodon,  
With eyes as fierce as noonday's sun,  
And trunk of ghostly white,  
Which swift as ball from cannon sent,  
For hapless Shackamaxon went,  
And 'paled him on its tusk;  
Then flung him high and high and higher,  
With nostrils snorting mists of fire,  
Odorous as fetid musk;  
And when the body reached the blue,  
Like sunbeamed haze escaped from view,  
It never more was seen;  
But ere the brute its eye-balls rolled,  
Great Alliegundabago, bold,  
Achieved the trampled green;  
And, coming to himself, with heed  
His unstrung bow with cautious speed  
He strung as quick as wink;  
Then, taking to a neighboring oak,  
Which offered shelter from the poke  
Of the fierce creature's tusk,  
He fitted arrow to the gut,  
And aimed it at the shifting butt,  
With ne'er in eye a blink;

And while the quarry made its mark,  
Tore from the trees the waveless bark,  
Like squaw from corn the husk,  
And filled the palpitating air  
With fury, branches, leaves, and scare,  
Let the keen arrow fly;  
Clear through the shivering form it sped,  
Like bolt by angered storm-cloud shed,  
Out flew it through an eye,  
And in the heart of distant tree,  
Which swayed and creaked with agony,  
Its quivering force was spent.  
Down dropt the head and drooped the tail,  
Like bellied sheet bereft of gale,  
On shivering knees all sunk;  
And as the beast breathed foam and gore  
In mist and steam behind, before,  
With insane fury drunk,  
Swelled from its breast a bellowing roar,  
Like swell from waves on bouldered shore,  
Which surged the flowing breeze;  
The sweet-tooth bear and timid deer  
Stopped in their tracks o'ercome with fear,—  
Shuddered th' affrighted trees.  
Great birds, on wing clear out of sight,  
Swooned in the ruffled air from fright  
And fluttered to the ground.

Hill, stream, and valley groaned aloud,  
And threw their echoes to the cloud

Which filled the blue profound;  
And, like a great collapsed balloon,  
The wilted cloud in dreamy swoon

Of mist and rain came down.

Alliegunda, from his tree  
Sprung forward cool, collectedly,

And grasped his eager spear

From the great rock anear;

And as the frantic creature rose,  
He put his body in a pose,

And thrust into its ear

Th' elastic weapon, from his weight,  
Sprung, like a catapult, and straight

Into the vaulted blue,

He vaulted, like an acrobat,

From off a spring-board's swaying flat,

Whooping his war "bo-hoo!"

"Oh, for a lodge in wilderness!"

Oozed from the lips of his distress.

The bear-god heard his cry,

And lodged him in a buttonwood,

Which, like a sylvan giant, stood

Conveniently nigh.

And there by nape of neck he hung,

The gnarled and naked limbs among,

An agitated Jack,  
Until the limbs unloosed their hold  
And let him fall, all fear and cold,  
    Astride the monster's back.  
In panic haste the monster flew  
Like Satan from St. Dunstan's view,  
    A whirlwind on its course.  
While he, like waif upon the main,  
    As through the country it went bounding,  
Glued to its hair, as Fear to rein,  
    Awhile its bellowing roar was sounding,  
    Like neigh of Death's pale horse.  
Goaded by spur of fear and pain,  
It sped across the open plain,  
    And midst the laughing trees;  
O'er swollen creeks and rivers wide,  
It strode with bold majestic stride,  
    Which stirred to gale the breeze.  
Hills ticklybendered 'neath its tread,  
Which shook from earth the bones of dead  
    Companions of the mole.  
The basking snakes squirmed to their dens  
Among the brambled rocks and fens;  
    The scared fox sought his hole,  
And each wild creature, with raised head,  
Stood petrified with awful dread,  
    And filled the air with dole.



Fierce hunters after flesh and bone,  
The sneaking wolf and lynx alone  
    Led by the scent of blood,  
A yelping, snarling, howling pack,  
Pressed by the thousands on its track  
    A living, moving flood.  
And Alliegundabago shook  
With ague when he cast his look  
Down in the maize-field vale below  
And saw the wigwams of his foe,—  
    The Mohawks of the vale,—  
And when he heard their whoops and cries,  
Which split the air and rent the skies,  
    A moment he turned pale,  
But ere 'twas given him to think,  
Within the twinkle of a wink,  
    With bloody snort and whack,  
The monster dashed 'mid the wigwams,  
And slashed and smashed them with its flams,  
    Followed by howling pack.  
Distraction seized the Mohawk crew,  
On terror's outstretched wings they flew,  
    To hide 'mong rocks and hills;  
Warriors and chief and medicine,  
Papoose, squaw, maid, with screeching din  
    And pallid cheeks and gills;  
Away they sped in haste, pell-mell,

To 'scape the monster, 'scaped from hell,—

For that was what they thought,—

One chief alone, of all the rest,

Stood forth with brave, undaunted breast,

And set its rage at naught.

Like sturdy oak he stood in path,

His flashing eyes and brows of wrath

Fierce to intensity.

His stalwart form in awful pose

Above the wreck of ruin rose

In swelling majesty.

As perfect as a stalk of wheat,

From skin of scalp to sole of feet

He measured twelve feet three

(The Cardiff giant sure was he).

Khalankhadula was his name,

Among his tribe, the first in fame,

Born at Schenectady.

And there he stood with angry spear

Poised o'er his feathered head,

Prepared to stop the wild career

Of the terrific dread.

The monster eyed him, and with bound,

Quick as the wink of Sphinx,

Was on him. Ere he turned around

His jellied body on the ground

Was food for wolf and lynx.

On, on the monster flew and came

Where Newburg, on the Hudson, stands;

And there its wearied limbs waxed lame,

And Alliegundabago's hands.

Awhile, like a stupendous frog,

It mired in a moving bog,—

Terrific were its squeals!

The chieftain, sliding from its back,

Climbed a great tree, to 'scape the pack

Which followed at his heels.

And there he sat while frantic beast,

Predestined for a Wolf-lynx feast,

Below him roared and raved,

And slashed with angered trunk and tail

The oozing bog, awhile the gale

Its hungry nostrils craved,

Vibrated dolor, grunt, and moan,

Expiring sighs, and dying groan.

And while the wolves, convulsively,

Stripped flesh from bone with fiendish glee,

And lapped his gore deliriously,

As sinks in cloud the orb of day,

So sunk in ooze its form away;

And ere light faded into night,

With gurgling sound it passed from sight,—

The last one of its race.

And there it was that years apast

Its frame was found in place,  
Which, mounted well, and wired fast,  
Gives Dr. Warren deathless fame,  
And adds to Boston's mighty name.

EPISODE No. 2.

OFF CAPE COD.

ONCE on a time, when off Cape Cod,  
The chief in his dugout canoe,  
Fishing for shark with line and rod,—  
If 'twasn't so may heathen god  
Stripe Truth till black and blue!—  
While seesawing, like gull at rest,  
Upon old ocean's throbbing breast,  
Unruffled and serene,  
Like thunderbolt from cloudless skies,  
Charging his mind with wild surprise,  
Broke raging on the scene  
A monster sword-fish, frenzy-eyed,  
And horrid Octopus, beside,  
Engaged in hellish strife.  
Around the excited waters boiled,  
The seething foam with blood grew soiled,  
The struggle was for life,—  
The breezes died from fright;  
While from each coral cleft and cave  
Rose through the bright crest of each wave—  
Spectators of the fight—

Mermen and maids with faces dun,  
Green goggles o'er their eyes  
Of largest saucer size,  
Which flashed like mirrors in the sun  
And dazzled in its light;  
The chief upon the conflict gazed  
Like one by fascination dazed,  
Awe-struck and fear-transfixed—  
His faculties all mixed—  
Unable to escape; for, why?  
His scull had 'scaped his hand and eye  
And floated out of reach,  
T'ward the pebbled beach;  
Now on the surface, then in deep,  
In narrowing circles did they sweep  
The crazy craft around;  
An hundred feet in air they sprung  
Then dropped the shiv'ring waves among  
And dived to depths profound,  
Where, with an insane bound,  
They closed in conflict. Fierce they raged,  
Sword, tail, and flipper, all engaged  
To conquer or to die;  
And when again they reappeared  
Through crimson waters, blubber-smear'd,  
'Twas close by his canoe;  
And for a moment there they lay,

Two monsters of the deep, at bay,  
    Eying each other through,  
Like Monitor and Merrimac,  
Before they made that fierce attack  
    Which satisfied each crew ;  
Spread out like Sinbad's isle the one,  
The other like a great Krupp gun  
    Nosed with gigantic sword.  
Hate, like the flash from angry skies,  
Shot from the storm-clouds of their eyes,  
    And their wild passions gored.  
Again they circled, when, from curl,  
The waters hastened to a whirl  
    Which, like Norse maelstrom, drew  
Into its vortex boat and chief,  
While loud he sang his song of grief,—  
    “ Oh, fleeting world, adieu ! ”  
With sudden dive the monsters threw  
Their dripping tails into the blue,  
    And disappeared like flash,  
The agile sword-fish in the lead,  
The devil following him with speed  
    Of meteor on a dash.  
Down slid the chieftain in their wake,  
Followed the great Sea Serpent snake  
Which, like a log, had lain asleep  
Upon the bosom of the deep,

Waves pillowing its head,  
Until the echoes of the splash  
O'erwhelmed it like a thunder-crash  
And oped its eyes of lead ;  
Then piloted by trail of blood  
Which crimsoned the devouring flood,  
It glided to the spot  
Where raged the battle hot ;  
And when it saw in the abyss  
Dugout and sachem spinning 'round,  
And heard the surges' seething hiss  
Pregnate each air-wave with fierce sound,  
A sudden fury stirred its strength  
And shivered through its mighty length,  
Bristling each brazen scale.  
Aloft it reared its horrid crest,  
Curved loftily its vengeful breast,  
Glittering like burnished mail,  
Then after, with a speed as swift  
As lightning from the tempests rift,  
It flashed its rage to wreak.  
While he, as calm as deviled saint,  
Wiped with lace handkerchief the paint  
And brine from his ringed beak ;  
Then, as the horror slid apast  
Like a weird phantom, grim and ghastr,



Sent by the evil-eyed,  
He sped, like shaft, aside ;  
And, quick as thought, with spurt and gasp,  
Seized its slimed tail with grim-death's grasp  
Of desperate desire,  
And held till he was drawn away  
From the intensity of day  
Far down into the dim obscure,  
Where in their dismal caves, secure,  
Coiled in their nested ire,  
Repose the monsters of the deep,—  
Leviathans whose slimy creep  
Disturbs the ocean's rest,  
And agitate its crest.  
The water-dragons and the snakes,  
Whose sinuous forms cleave burning lakes,  
Where hid volcanoes swell ;  
The dreadful salamander which  
Feeds on the yellow flames of pitch,  
And guards the gates of hell.  
The shark—dread terror of the wave—  
That gnaws the flesh from dead men's bones ;  
The vampire of the anguish cave,  
Where the damned spirit wails and moans ;  
All these he saw and dreadful forms  
Begotten of the Fiend of Storms,—

Misshapen, vast, incarnate things,  
Which none but drowning men behold,—  
With gorgon eyes, and fiery stings,  
Who guard the merchant's sunken gold,  
And fierce on him they fixed their eyes,  
Crazed with the terror of surprise.  
And as he gazed his senses fled,  
Through his lax'd grasp the serpent's tail  
Slid like a streak. From out the dread,  
Like an embodied howling gale,  
Toward him rushed with horrid spasm  
Of grinning mouth and frantic motion,  
That hideous monster of the chasm,—  
The octopus of deepest ocean.  
But ere its vampirish arms could coil  
About his languid frame,  
And vise it in its cruel toil,  
Like a fierce myth of flame,  
Flashed the great prehistoric whale,  
From dozing on the lee,  
And with an angered stroke of tail  
Despatched it instantly,  
And paralyzed the sea.  
Then from the insatiate maw of death,  
And its grim treachery,  
It snatched the sachem, scant of breath,  
And, through the breakers sullen roar,

His limp, faint body safely bore,  
And on Long Island's sea-girt shore  
Unloaded him, at Montauk Point,  
His nose and great toe out of joint.  
And there with song and much ado,  
The last Mohican brought him to.

EPISODE No. 3.

A DREAM HE DREAMED.

RETURNING once from hunting coon  
And 'possum on the Callicoon,  
    Along with blithe Colrocket,  
Their brains as full of sentiment  
As ladies' 'kerchiefs full of scent,  
    Or as a school-boy's pocket.  
A sleep stole o'er them as they preyed  
On oyster-bed in Belmont glade,—  
    Off flew his mind like rocket!  
And, as he dozed, appeared to him,  
Perched in the crotch of shell-bark limb,  
    A coon of glaring size.  
A pipe of peace or piece of pipe,  
Streaked 'round with thin vermilion stripe,  
    Adorned his corn-juiced jaws  
    And smoked his laughing eyes.  
Embroidered moc'sins shod his feet,  
A furry mantle clothed his meat.  
    He paused to lick his paws  
    And tail alive with play.

And there he sat in light of moon,  
That independent same old coon,

Whiling the time away.

His smoke-veiled countenance the while  
O'ercast with frown or lit with smile,

Until, like flash of day,  
It vanished in the murky air,  
Pursued by Nox's phantom mare,

Which drew the sachem's mind away  
Into a dismal, howling waste  
Of shrieking ghosts by horrors chased  
Throughout the eternal day.

And one of them, a monster fright,

With dragon-body brazen-scaled,  
Great, icy, bat-like wings of night,  
And sea-horse rear all devil-tailed,

Sped fiercely to his side;  
Its bas'lisk eyes full of the fire  
Of hate and desperate desire,

Its red eyes open wide  
As are the brassy gates of hell  
When through their portals surge and swell  
Th' inebriate human tide.

Upon his cheeks he felt its breath,  
Foul as the airs from caves of death.

He strove in vain to hide  
Within the airy tide,

But on his front the monster placed

Its leaden paws beset with claws,  
And wound its tail around his waist.

The while it snapped its fang-filled jaws,  
And shot into his breast of sighs  
The dreadful glitter of its eyes.

Moaning, he chilled, and shrieked aloud,  
As the fierce monster shook and spread

Its fiery wings above its head,  
And bore him in a flaming cloud

To boundary of space,  
From whence, with frantic squeak and squall,  
It loosed its hold and let him fall,—

Down, down, he fell, like shot,  
So swift he waved red hot.

The pygmies bridled up their geese,  
And followed him with speed.

The air-fiends strode each passing breeze,  
Each Fury gained its meteor-steed,  
And sought his glitt'ring track.

Vain the pursuit, for as he drew  
Anear the earth Jove's eagle flew  
And beaked his breech-clouts slack,

And buoyed him safely to a spot  
Beside a wild, sequestered grot,  
In an enchanted glade,

Where,  
Encircled by a haloed air,  
A black-eyed, love-lorn maiden sat,  
Upon a green Scotch-thistle mat,  
All Evisibly arrayed,  
Picking the music from the string  
Of a celestial bobaling,  
And sighing sea-shellodiously,—  
“Oh, would my true love were with me;  
With love his soul I'd fire,  
Until, in blissful raptures, he  
Would gloriously expire.”

As peeping Tom, of Coventry,  
Sought with rude eyes to drink  
A priceless draught of chastity  
Athrough the lattice chink,  
The sachem, through the quiv'ring leaves,  
Where roved the flowers' perfume thieves,  
Sweet spirits of the breeze,  
Peered with a mind-absorbing look,  
Like youth through a forbidden book  
Of wanton mysteries,  
And strove to catch in toil of sighs  
The vagrant glances of her eyes,  
Which danced the shadows through.

But peered he vainly till a breeze,  
In ecstasy of ecstasies,  
And drunken with the balmed perfume  
Of spice and pine and honeyed bloom,  
In loving pity swayed the trees  
Into aerial harmonies,

And gave her to his view.  
Instant from his dazed sight he sent  
A ravished glance incontinent

Upon her faultless form.  
As glorious seemed she to his sight  
As when the moon of Summer night

Peeps through the scud of storm.  
He gazed enraptured. Through his frame  
Shot passions sublimated flame,

Which set his brains aglow.  
Impetuously he sought the spot  
Where sat the maiden of the grot,

When at him hawked a raven,

The guardian of the spot,

With seething anger hot ;

Its frantic caws and bloody beak,

Its cruel claws and quaking squeak,

Its glossy ruffled plumes

Of deepest midnight glooms,

Turned him, a moment, craven.



Up sprung the maiden, and away  
In agony of dread,  
Like sunbeam through the rainbowed spray,  
With glowing feet she sped  
Into the silence of the night,  
By haunted forests dim,  
Where mortals shudder with affright,  
And weird Chimeras hymn  
Their mournful pæans to the breeze,  
Which thrills with fear the sleeping trees.

The chief, like stag pursuing doe,  
With frantic bound and heart aglow,  
Followed her shining trail  
O'er hill and mount and stream and plain,  
Through Fantasy's ghost-filled domain  
And each enchanted vale.

Pursuit beamed from his eager eye:  
Possession! was his spirit's cry.

On, on, he flew, until  
The maiden down Niagara's stream  
Whirled in canoe of watery beam,  
Like coaster down a hill,  
While he, astride a vagrant log,  
Through the cool atmosphere of fog,  
Pushed from the rocky shore.

Flew the white foam-flakes creamily,  
Danced the illusions dreamily,  
    Before his moon-beam oar.  
The titt'ring stars and smiling moon  
    Gazed on them as they sped,  
While from mid-air a phantom coon,  
    With eyeballs crimson red,  
Cried, "Alliegundabago, oar!  
Chaunt Io! Ho! Excelsior!  
Hoop-la! My duck on stilts, wade in!  
None but the brave deserve to win!"  
Away, away, log and canoe  
Danced feathery o'er the waters blue,  
    As if imbued with life.  
Like streamer of the Northern light  
The maiden's hair flashed through the night;  
    Her eyes those of mad wife:  
Swelled mournfully along the shore  
The rushing current's hollow roar,  
    The hoot-owl's dismal cry,  
While panther's shriek and eagle's scream  
Broke from the forests of his dream,  
    And Echo made reply.

The rapids seized and bore them past,  
Like rusted leaves by breath of blast,  
    Toward the enchanted falls,

Whose thunder filled the air with sound,  
Which shuddered through the dim profound,  
And died by heaven's walls.  
On, on, a single length ahead  
The sachem's log, the maiden sped.  
The prize was almost won,  
When o'er the falls into the blue  
Expanse of moonlit spray she flew,  
Her countenance like sun,  
Toward him turned; awhile her thumb,  
With scornful fingers frolicksome  
Wagged from her sneering nose;  
And as the panting chief, red hot,  
Adown the falling waters shot,  
In admirable pose,  
Dissolved she like a meteor's blaze,  
Into the azure of the haze;  
And, like the viewless wind,  
Left not a trace behind.  
"Maid of the mist, I've missed you!" he  
Shrieked, in delirious agony;  
The wind caught up the cry,  
And on the fragrance of the day,  
With coyish echo stole away,  
And hid in depth of sky;  
And when into the seething deep,  
Wave-shot he plunged with breathless sweep,

And gasp and throe and choke,  
Scream after scream disturbed his rest,—  
Colerocket struck him on the breast,—  
And, trembling, he awoke.

## SUICIDE.—A VISION.

Tired of the world's corroding cares,  
Its pleasures and deluding snares,  
I sought my couch. 'Twas midnight, and  
The storm-king reigned o'er sea and land,  
Quaking the earth with thunders dire,  
Emblazoning the air with fire,  
And torturing to deeds of death  
Old ocean with his cycloned breath.  
I sought my couch my mind oppressed  
With fancies which my soul depressed,  
And which, like furies, racked my brain  
Until my spirit writhed in pain  
And drove my vagrant thoughts insane.  
I wished to dream, and, dreaming, yield  
My spirit to the unrevealed,  
And in the silent halls of sleep  
Forever dwell in slumbers deep.  
While thus revolving in my mind  
The means t' attain the end designed,  
Uprose, I thought, from out the sea  
Of troubles which environed me  
A monster, fearful in its mien,  
Which waking eye had never seen!

Its varying form of flesh seemed sealed  
With adamant, which triple-mailed  
Its vulnerable parts. Its wings  
Were dragon-like, of sheeted flame;  
Its tail, like serpents', barbed with stings;  
Hued was it as the blush of shame;  
Charged was its breast with frantic ire;  
Its eyes seemed orbs of living fire;  
Its nostrils shed contagion, while  
The vapors of its sulph'rous breath  
Reeked pestilent, envenomed guile  
Fraught with the subtleness of death.  
Stained were its fangs with human gore  
Which from its mouths in streams a score  
Spurting. 'Twas horrible to see!  
Unmanned, I shrieked, "Ah, woe is me!"  
With trembling dread  
I quaked, and turned away my head,  
While through my frame a terror stole  
Whose icy touch congealed my soul.  
"O God!" I cried, "extend thine aid  
And guide me to some Cretan shade  
Where I may bide till darkest night  
Cancels the vision to my sight."  
Then through an atmosphere of flame  
Towards my couch the monster came:

“I am the gracious world!” it roared;  
“Of earth, and all therein, the lord,—  
The power that, with vengeful hate,  
Will haunt thee to perdition’s gate,—  
Behold, and tremble!” Fiery look!  
I shrunk in dread, my couch forsook,  
And strove to hide in secret nook.  
In vain. The monster’s searching glance  
Sought for and found my countenance,  
And charged my anguished mind with dread.  
Into the night my fancies fled,  
And through the air of witchery,  
Haunted by shapes of sorcery,  
My ghostly terrors followed me,  
Till on the verge of blank despair  
I stood in abject fear and prayer.  
Swooning I fell. ’Twas then I heard  
A babelade of sounds absurd,  
Like choristry of unclean bird,  
And saw flash through the murky gloom  
The childhood spectres of the tomb;  
While in that atmosphere of flame  
Fiends hovered round and hissed my name;  
Each searching glance the while divined  
The guilty secrets of my mind,  
Diffusing through my frame a chill  
Which deadened sense and conquered will.

“Here are the means, misfortune’s heir,  
To ’scape the grim world’s tort’ring care,”  
They then exclaimed sarcastically,  
Exhibiting their deviltry,  
While fire-haired one with flaming crest  
Shot from his glittering eyes of hate  
A subtle frenzy through my breast,  
The mock of life the doom of fate.  
Then one with harpy’s front and wing  
Flew at me like a stone from sling,  
And, chatt’ring, grinned derisively;  
Awhile its talons offered me  
A glittering razor, whose blue blade  
Was with the gore of crime inlaid,  
Swifter than light, with sin’ster gloat,  
Flashed the keen steel across its throat,  
Then faded from my mind; awhile  
A harpy, with sardonic smile,  
Offered a cord, and eyed a beam  
Which shadowed a tumultuous stream;  
Then craned its neck and lolled its tongue,  
And rolled its eyes as if ’twere hung,  
As, fluttering, it gazed aslant  
On flood with looks significant.  
A third one, as it flickered up,  
Poured viewless drops in airy cup,



And, feigning sleep, with mimic cough,  
Assumed, with smirk, to toss it off;  
Then writhed its face, its foul wings crossed,  
And blanched like flow'r when nipped by frost.  
A fourth disguised as imp of fun,  
With ghastly phiz and ghostly plumes,  
Emerged from charcoal's deadly fumes,  
Snatched from the misty air a gun,  
Its muzzle placed its brow anear,  
Claw-pulled its trigger; while, with sneer,  
A scarlet demon offered me,  
With hell-engendered mimicry,  
A cocked revolver, while it spread  
Its vaporous wings above its head.  
I shuddered as I felt my soul  
Pass from my flesh through bullet-hole.  
And heard it curse with oath its birth  
As echoingly it sped from earth.  
Frosted with horror, sore dismayed,  
Seized I a razor, tried its blade,  
But hurled it from me as a chill  
Suffused my frame and froze my will.  
Then did I cast my gaze on high,  
Caught swaying cord, but with deep sigh  
Dropped it, and shrunk from stream so nigh;  
Clutched poisoned chalice, and essayed  
To drink the contents while I prayed.

But ere my palate tasted, came  
From out the night a voice of blame,  
Which cried,—

“Thou fool! how very wise,  
Thou turn’st to Hell not Paradise.  
How vain! eluding human ill  
By bartering soul and strangling will!  
Coward! afraid of myths that flee  
If you but meet them manfully!  
Dolt! hurling the immortal where  
Fiends gnash their teeth ’mid dull despair.”  
Before it ceased, in chorus broke,  
Like screams through suffocating smoke,  
The voices of a spectral crew,—  
Though never one addressed my view,—  
“Fool! to believe what thou dost hear,”

They groaned;

Then moaned,—

“Let it in this and out that ear;”

And sighed,—

“Your form is naught but fashioned clay,  
Which, soulless, gusts will puff away;”

Then cried,—

“You’re but a grain in harvest, or  
A mote of sand on ocean’s shore;  
A drop within Time’s shoreless sea;  
An atom of infinity.”

Awhile, extemporaneously,  
 A gibbering myth of sound essayed  
 To edify, and, ass-like, brayed,—  
 “Your soul is but a vital spark  
 One moment bright, the next all dark,  
 And as the wave of life retires,  
 It flickers, struggles, and expires.”

“There is no God!” a deep voice gleeked;  
 “Nor heaven nor hell!” a thin one squeaked;  
 “No resurrection, no hereafter,”  
 A third voice whined with childish laughter,  
 While imp of thought, bepuffed with pride,  
 Chuckled,—“Death comes, our spirits glide  
 To new-born swine,—and there abide,—  
 From which, through nature, soon evolved,  
 We pass to donkeys,—brute resolved,—  
 And so progress till time-dissolved.”  
 “Life’s but a dream—a wakeful trance;  
 We’re but the slaves of circumstance;  
 All things do come and go by chance,”  
 Insidiously chimed voices three,  
 In measured strains, sepulchrally,  
 As twitt’ring myth with feeble lisper  
 To my rapt sense essayed to whisper,—  
 “Deluded man! of dust the brother!  
 This earth’s your hell, there is none other.”

As fancy's tuneful argosy  
Glides o'er the waves of Fantasy  
Until engulfed in harmony,  
So sailed each dreamy voice away  
Into the shadow of the day,  
And through a labyrinth of sound  
Vibrated to the weird profound  
Until in depth of distance drowned.

I wooed belief, but clouds of doubt  
Encompassed my dazed mind about,  
Till reason, for a time, gained sway,  
And bade me hurl the cup away,  
Dissolving every doubt, as light  
Dissolves the shadows of the night.  
Then before my vision rose,  
Like spectral wraiths from moonlit snows,  
An apparition saintly-fair,  
All habited in samite rare,  
    With glowing, beatific face  
And speaking eyes and radiant hair,  
    And visionary form of grace,  
Which, like a cloud, enveloped me  
In odorous mists of sanctity.  
Spell-bound, my every sense absorbed,  
And in her blessed presence orbéd,

I stood. 'Twas then a thought revealed  
Her as my guardian, strength, and shield,  
The being who from infancy  
Until I gained maturity  
Through dangers seen and unseen had  
My vagrant footsteps led,  
Had balmed my woes, my heart made glad,  
And soothed my anguished head.  
Then rippled on my dreamy ear  
Her spirit-voice, celestial clear,—  
“Beloved one, beware! beware  
The Tempter’s wiles, the Demon’s snare!  
Oh, shun them! else in torments dire  
Thy soul, a vital shade of fire  
Fraught with ungratified desire,  
Through space will float and ne’er expire.  
Heed not the voices! they delude  
Your hungry mind with devil’s food,  
And with a Judas-kiss betray  
Your consecrated life away;  
Still hold the faith which infancy  
Learned at thy sainted mother’s knee:  
The earth-born lore of fools despise  
And rest thy hopes on Paradise.”

'Twas then her eyes, with sorrow laden,  
Upon me cast a fond adieu,

While she evanished in the blue  
Which veils the stars and curtains Aidenn.  
Transfixed I stood, amazed and dazed,  
And where her finger pointed gazed.

Uprose, like a gigantic tower,  
An arm of superhuman power,  
Which grew each moment, till its hand  
Shone like a meteor o'er the land,  
And the cerulean of the skies  
Parted, till my illumined eyes  
Discerned the hills of Paradise.

Then through the soft effulgence shone  
The rays which beam from Glory's throne,  
And in their lucid splendors I  
A lustrous cross could well descry  
Superlatively clear and bright;  
Yet, to my soul's enraptured sight,  
As gentle as the beams of night,  
A subtle radiance girt it round;  
With hallowed glory was it crowned,  
While flowers of life about it wound.  
Upon it hung, in human guise,  
The incarnate Sovereign of the skies,

Just as He hung on Calvary's height,  
Save that His body purified  
Of earthly dross shone heavenly-white,  
And, sunlike, shed a wondrous tide  
Of living glory which all space  
And systems of the universe  
Pervaded. Every living thing  
Of locomotion, scale, or wing  
Breathed of its ether, while the trees,  
Rocks, earth, and waters, and the breeze  
Absorbed its radiance, and athrough  
Its attributes lived, changed, and grew.

Beneath the cross a lustrous book  
Caught my rapt sight and bade me look  
Upon its page inspired, and  
Directed me to that command  
Expressive of the Sovereign will,—  
Which there I read, "*Thou shalt not kill!*"  
Like sorrow, through my 'wilder'd brain  
There flashed an agony of pain,  
And, like a baleful star, quick sped  
Throughout my mind an awful dread.  
I felt like guilty wretch, and stood  
Like blasted tree in storm-wrecked wood,  
Lifeless, without a hope to hold  
My spirit in its loving fold.

Then from the cross a gentle voice  
Sweet as angelic symphony  
Inspired me with a sweet rejoice  
And warmed me with humanity ;  
It bade me fix my doubt-tossed mind  
On Him, the Saviour of mankind,  
And fly the crafty demon's wiles,  
His glozing words and artful smiles,  
Saying,—  
“ Weak creature of my sovereignty,  
Like simple child rely on me  
And do my will ! and when, in time,  
Thy spirit seeks the realm sublime,  
Exalted thou shalt rule, and be  
Blest through a vast eternity.”

’Twas then it seemed that, like a ray  
Of moonlight ’neath the sun’s first sway,  
The cross dissolved in radiant spray ;  
And then, supernal, in its stead,  
Through the ethereal’s crimson red,  
Appeared a throne miraculous,  
Electrically luminous,  
As boundless as the universe,  
Far-reaching as the primal curse,  
Sublime as the deep seas of space,  
Majestic as the hills of grace,



And on it beamed the Crucified  
Of Calvary's mount, beatified,  
Illimitably magnified,—  
Himself again. Absorbing sight!  
O form of uncreated light!  
O awful vision of the night!  
O being of supreme delight!  
O mystery of mysteries!  
O star-crowned god of deities!  
O holy fount of love divine!  
O life of consecrated wine!  
O majesty of noonday's sun!  
The Lord of lords! the Three in One!  
The living Word! the Truth! the Light  
Of grovelling superstition's night!  
The omnipotent Redeemer! The  
Life! The incarnate Mystery!  
The Judge immaculate! He, who  
Unfolded heaven to human view!  
The Holy One! Immanuel!  
Death's conqueror, and scourge of hell!  
The grand Incomprehensible!  
The Being incorruptible!  
The great wide, deep, unfathomable!  
The Eternal One! The Law of Laws!  
The All-in-All! The primal Cause.

Enchanted, awed, and ravished quite,  
Blinded through fierce excess of light,  
In joyousness my senses passed,  
In trance before that vision vast.

Then, while my soul its vigil kept,  
Aerially before me swept,  
Like sunbeams through the atmosphere  
Which girdles this terrestrial sphere,  
A multitude of bright souls shaped  
To spirits, gloriously draped  
In limpid splendors, every one  
In the full tide of Glory's sun,  
Which, in its far-off majesty,  
Shed its benignant beams on me,  
And charged my soul with ecstasy.

There, too, a host of glittering forms

On missions from the court divine  
Unto the worlds, like flash of storms,

Shot dazzling through the starry shine,  
While from the spheres came thronging hosts  
Of spectral, disembodied ghosts;  
And with them, by fair angels led,  
The bright Intelligences sped,  
And round their holy influence shed.

Floating amid the calm between  
My soul and that great throne serene,

Arrayed in limpidness of sheen,  
A choir of seraphs caught my gaze,  
Enrapturing heav'n with anthemed praise,  
Star-censers swaying, while the air,  
Pregnant with incensed love and prayer,  
Bore to the Father's gracious ears  
The worship of revolving spheres.  
Beyond, through mists of dazzling sheen,  
By mortal vision never seen,  
Moved myriad forms of Seraphim,  
Before whose brightness stars waned dim,  
All warbling to th' Æolian strains  
Of winds which sighed o'er heavenly plains,  
And to the organed harmonies  
Of stars and universal seas.

There, too, celestially fair,  
The cherubs of the upper air  
In shining troops appeared awhile.  
In shining crowns with radiant smile,  
And, floating where Archangels soar  
Adoring, round th' exalted choir  
Of dazzling Cherubim,  
Mingled their dulcet harmonies  
Of rapt cherubic ecstasies  
With glorifying hymn.

Then 'mid the star-mist gloriously

    Appeared, sun-robed, the saints of yore,  
And by them shone illustriously

    The martyrs whom the Christ-world bore,  
Each shining like a beam of light,  
Yet, in degree, as stars of night,  
Accordingly as each had kept  
The faith for which his life he left.

Kings did they seem, and emperors,

    For all their brows were nimbus crowned,  
These who had gained th' Elysian shores,

    And heard the echoes of its sound,  
Permitted there to feast their sight  
With glory from the Fount of Light,  
And taste the untold joys of those  
Who'd gained through death their soul's repose.

Then did my soul relapse from trance

    To swoon, and then to dream, and then  
A mocking myth, with subtlest lance,

    Shot swift as flash upon my ken,  
And with a fierce, malignant thrust,

    It sped with fury through my brain,  
And clogged its cells with hellish lust,

    And tortured it with thoughts insane.

I felt like one adrift on sea

Of sublimated misery ;

Without a hope to cheer the gloom  
Which haunted it like fiend of doom,  
Augmenting, with its sullenness,  
The agony of my distress.

A friendless waif, I seemed by all  
Deserted. Life was bitterest gall;  
A burden, heavy to be borne;  
And I, a wretch, a thing of scorn,  
Beyond redemption's glorious scheme,  
Beyond salvation's searching beam,  
With naught to yield me peace, or calm  
My soul with consolation's balm,—  
What cared I for? The voices lied  
Unto my mind unsanctified!  
The visions came from thoughts profane;  
But phantasies of tortured brain;  
And the dread teachings of the Word  
Were idle vagaries. Absurd  
Old Women fables, sanctified  
By antique time, and deified  
By priestly dreamers to excite  
The stupid world to fear and fright;  
To threat, cajole, and terrify;  
True or untrue, I fain would die:  
Hell, heaven, or naught! 'twas all the same.  
Eternal bliss, change, trance, or flame,

What mattered it? 'Twas destiny :  
At most but change of misery ;  
'Twas *Kismet*, fate,—as 'twas to be.

Just then the monster's sullen roar  
Assailed my ears and vexed me sore,  
Until, on desperation's brink  
I stood, and ceased to muse or think ;  
Awhile into the depths undreamed  
I peered. Then seemed that from it streamed  
A voice aerial, sweet as sleep,  
Which sighed,—

“Why hesitate to leap?  
Behind, the world and wretchedness ;  
Before, a heaven of happiness ;  
Come, wretch, and in the unknown find  
Freedom from pain, relief for mind,—  
A land of bliss and golden hours,  
Of endless joys and fadeless flowers.  
Why linger, mortal? Why delay?  
Come to our radiant land, away !”

Then hov'ring o'er oblivion's brink,  
Into whose waves I fain would sink,  
Fell that winged voice whose eloquence  
Of guiling music wooed me hence.

As falls on ears of mariner

The siren's 'wildering melody,  
So fell on mine, celestial clear,

Her spirit-soothing symphony :  
"Come, wretched mortal," thus she sighed,  
"Come to our joyous state and be  
Free from th' incarnate evil-eyed,  
Blest through a vast eternity."

Bewildered, fascinated, dazed,  
My mind by cruel mem'ries crazed,  
Unconsciously I stood and gazed,  
Until a power beyond resist,  
Evoked from out the ghostly mist,  
Impelled me.

From the awful height  
I plunged into the gloom of night ;  
And as I sped, broke on my ear  
A scornful laugh so shrill and clear  
It thrilled the swooning atmosphere  
And filled my soul with frantic fear.  
Awhile I saw the tempter turned  
Into a ghoul, whose eyeballs burned  
With hate's red fire, which seemed to roll  
Malignant fury through my soul ;  
Like shaft of light from Dian's bow  
Athrough the darkness did I go

So swift that my illumined hair,  
Torn from the scalp by rushing air,  
Was caught by howling gusts, and whirled,  
Like threads of fire, on the world.  
Then through my mind with magic speed  
Flashed all my life,—each thought, word, deed,  
All I had done from hour of birth  
Until I spurned the doleful earth.  
I realized my wickedness,  
And scorched with agonized distress.

On, on, I flew. My stifled breath  
Fled from my frame. I lived in death;  
And as my body grew to dust  
And mingled with each passing gust,  
My shadowy immortality  
Flashed starlike through immensity.

I lived—O God! and through the blaze  
Which tinged the gloom with purple haze  
Saw starting from the dread abyss  
Where hell's red waters seethe and hiss  
Squadrons of fiends on flaming wings  
And talons all alive with stings,  
Who flashed apast me like the glint  
Of angry spears, their eyes of flint



Upbraiding me with dev'lish squint  
Awhile they mocked with gibe and jeer.  
"Ha! ha!" they laughed, "the tempter lied:  
Hell is thy doom, damned suicide!"  
On with the speed of thought I sped  
Through the dim region of the dead,  
Whose ghastly shadows filled my sight  
With frightful visions of the night,  
And with a grief devoid of tears  
Blasted my soul with frantic fears.  
Then burst to flame the stifling air  
With intense lightning's blinding glare,  
And round th' shudd'ring worlds of space  
Ten million angry thunders dashed  
Like vengeful angels shorn of grace,  
And 'gainst the gates of heaven crashed.  
Blinded with glare and stunned by sound,  
A shadowy form I whirled around  
The blank void of the dim profound,  
Till, quickened into sense, I heard  
A sound like seas when tempest-stirred,  
And then a trumpet's blast so clear  
That from it shrunk the atmosphere,  
And like a parchment sheet, hand-rolled,  
The blazing firmament was scrolled,  
And, quick as thought, I stood alone  
Before th' Eternal's dazzling throne.

Oh, anguish inexpressible!  
Oh, agony no tongue can tell!  
As from the living glory came  
With withering voice my mortal name  
And then my sentence: "Suicide!  
Thou who with knowledge scorned my will,  
My laws defied with guilty skill;  
Now from mine angered presence go,  
And with the damned fore'er abide  
Accursed in deepest depth of woe."

In twinkle of a vagrant ray  
Through gaseous void I sped away  
On breath of flame which seemed to me  
To throb and pulse like troubled sea.  
O Christ! the torment! the despair!  
Mind cannot think nor pen declare!  
I breathed the air of blasphemy;  
Absorbed the subtle deviltry;  
And, flaming, gasped deliriously.  
Each idle word and thought profane,  
Each blighting curse and deed inane,—  
The offsprings of my mortal brain,—  
Vibrating through immensity,  
In spirit-guise returned to me,  
And with a frantic, wild endeavor  
To rend my soul, assailed me ever,

Upbraiding with their blasphemies  
Me for their doleful miseries.

So, too, I saw and comprehended  
The dire effect of word and act,  
As with my faculties they blended  
And ceaselessly my conscience racked;  
And saw, and fully comprehended,  
What would have been if word and act  
Accorded with what God intended  
When souls were made a human fact.

Then each vile act of life in guise  
Of Fury's shape flashed on my eyes,  
Inquisitors' vindictive glee  
Fresh tortures adding constantly,  
While ever growing came to me  
My sins in their enormity.  
Around I heard but could not see  
The agonizing heaven-cursed souls  
Of those who'd spurned the world like me,  
And saw flit by in guise of ghouls  
The terrors of eternity;  
And as my sleepless conscience fired  
The anguish of my spirit-mind,  
My voice, with agony inspired,  
Swelled with the rest to warn mankind.

Then through me shot, like storm-cloud's flash,

A thrill of terror,—with the stroke!

As on my ear fell with the crash:

All shuddering, screaming, I awoke.

THE END.

















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS  
0 016 115 828 8